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Taming the Panjandarum

VERY cautiously, like two lion-tamers in charge of someone else's dangerous beast, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Marshall have cracked their whips at General MacArthur. The great panjandarum of Tokio has been gently reprimanded for his latest incursion into high policy—a proposal for direct cease-fire negotiations between himself and the Commander-in-Chief of the enemy forces, combined with a threat of war against China if the proposal is rejected. He has been reminded that it is his duty to accept the policy directives of General Bradley in the Pentagon. These policy directives are drafted after consultation with the State Department, which in turn consults both the Good Offices Committee and the diplomatic representatives of nations with troops in Korea. Thus, at a distance of three removes, the British Government has a chance of influencing the course of the campaign in which twenty thousand of our men are engaged. No U.N. control exists.

Since, despite this elaborate machinery, no one in Washington or Lake Success seems anxious to take the unpleasant decisions, it is easy to understand why General MacArthur runs his own private war and indulges in what, since his reprimand, he has defended as psychological warfare against the enemy troops. Mr. Truman, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Acheson are all afraid of taking responsibility out of his hands, and thereby giving him the chance of blaming them if things go wrong. But they are equally afraid of a breach with their allies if General MacArthur either involves us in full-scale war with China, or succeeds in frustrating a negotiated settlement by enabling Chiang Kai-shek to resume hostilities from Formosa. They have therefore reached a typical politician's compromise: they have avoided taking critical decisions, and now disown MacArthur when, irresponsibly, he tries to take them himself. The question now is whether the General, who has not been deterred by past rebukes, will this time be more obedient.

On another page we publish a letter from Mr. Douglas Clark, a British journalist who has just returned from an extensive tour of the U.S.A. He reports that the bulk of the American people support the Korean war for idealist reasons; that they sincerely want a peaceful settlement; and that they dislike and despise the MacArthur-MacCarthyites. By and large this agrees with what we have written in these pages, where we have emphasised the evidence of Gallup polls that more than half the American public favours the recognition of Mao Tse-tung and is opposed to MacArthurism. If we are "strident" in our opposition to extending the war, it is because only by shouting loud can any voice be heard above the barrage of the U.S. Republican press. We are not so sure as our correspondent that all American business men are so politically mature that they consider *Time* as no more than light reading. It is all very well to say that the war party is a "lunatic fringe," but how effective are the voices of the millions of sensible and peace-loving Americans, of whose existence we are as much aware as Mr. Clark?

But assume Mr. Douglas Clark is right. Then, the blackmail exerted by General MacArthur and the China Lobby upon the President and his advisers is even more outrageous than we suggested. Mr. Clark compares the influence of the China Lobby on America's Pacific policy to that exerted by the Lord's Day Observance Society in preventing the Sunday opening of the Festival funfair. The surrender by Parliament on that occasion to a small and vigorous pressure group was highly discreditable, and it will cost the tax-payer a large sum. But the China Lobby is not merely digging into the pork barrel, or even competing with Mr. Costello in corrupting politicians for disreputable ends. For nine months it has been dragging the U.S. and the United Nations towards the precipice of World War III. It is against this pressure, and not against an abstract "America," that our protests and criticism have been directed. Even if Mr. Clark's picture of an American people without a trace of hysteria is a little exaggerated, it surely justifies Mr. Morrison in making the strongest representations to Mr. Acheson. He should state bluntly that it is time (to use Mr. Clark's own words) that the Administration should ensure American policy is no longer dominated, or even influenced, by these "political lunatics."

The Politics of Crime

The Senate Crime Investigation Committee has completed its hearing in New York and, unless Congress extends its life, the inquiry as a whole will conclude this week. It is quite clear from the testimony that the Committee has managed to chart only the peak of the iceberg of organised crime; but it has put enough on the record to permit intelligent guesses about the general shape and enormous size of this iceberg. Though former Mayor O'Dwyer strongly denied the charges of corruption made against him, the Committee did not seem convinced. He has not yet resigned as Ambassador to Mexico, but it seems

certain that his career will receive further close investigation. Since O'Dwyer was one of the leaders of Tammany Hall, and since Costello grudgingly admitted at least some of the allegations about his influence in the New York Democratic Party, there was certainly a much greater contact between the two men than either has admitted, and some witnesses scarcely concealed their belief that O'Dwyer, when District Attorney in Brooklyn, had picked and chosen between the gangsters he prosecuted and those who strangely escaped indictment.

But no one can examine the Committee record without the sense that punches were being pulled. The glimpses that some witnesses gave of the tie-up between crime and politics—Judge Leibowitz testified that $25 millions a year in graft went to New York policemen alone—were sufficient to suggest that few reputations would escape untarnished from a ruthless investigation. Obviously, Senator Kefauver and his Democratic colleagues on the Committee must be feeling somewhat unhappy, though the misery of more party-conscious Democrats must be much worse, for the inquiry has thrown a most unfavourable light on the Democratic organisation in the larger cities. Crime flourishes in the cities anyway, and these are normally the Democratic strongholds. A great many voters must have become persuaded, even by this limited research, that the Democratic Party is riddled with graft; and the recent revelations of nepotism in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation seem to lend further substance to this view. No wonder that Attorney-General McGrath told the Committee that the link between crime and politics was "making a mockery of local self-government." Hard though it is to force these scandals into public view, it will certainly be much harder for Congress to find an effective remedy for them.

Paris Progress

On Wednesday night Mr. Gromyko made an important concession in the Paris talks. He stated that Russia was now prepared to give up its demand that German demilitarisation should be discussed as a separate item on the agenda and, in a new draft, proposed that it should head, but be linked with, the list of "causes of tension" in Europe.

Our Paris correspondent, writing on Tuesday, reports: With each succeeding session the feeling—so widespread here at first—that its outcome might be a matter of life and death has been blunted by the tedium of this endless manœuvring on the agenda; and the French press now gives the meeting next to no space. All that can be said is that, whereas the three Western Powers continue to maintain their "monolithic unity," the "texts," argued with the utmost conviction by Dr. Jessup, are not supported with quite the same conviction by the British and French delegates, who must feel at heart that the draft agenda of March 16 cannot seriously be maintained as the West's final word.

As Pertinax put it in *France Soir*: "This draft is tantamount to a refusal to include German demilitarisation in the agenda and, indeed, suggests that this 'demilitarisation' is out of date and that German rearmament has now become part of the Western conception of the balance of military power." This is, above all, the American view. The French and probably also the British would have no objection to seeing German demilitarisation freely discussed by the Big Four. That is, they would still gladly consider a balance of armed forces achieved by securing from the Russians a reduction of Eastern strength as the price for the renunciation by the West of the rearming of Germany. The American objection to this is that, under the Brussels Agreement, Germany is in fact to be rearmed. It is, however, recalled that the French Government only accepted this with the proviso that the matter would be reconsidered if agreement were subsequently reached with the Soviet Union.

Wasting Asset?

A correspondent in Hong Kong writes: This colony's Manchester School philosophy is being put to a severe test as a result of the tidal waves of refugees from China. The present population of over 2 millions is more than double that of pre-war days. The result is an appalling problem of overcrowding. There are tenement blocks where 200 people live in one storey, with whole families crowded into cubicles 6 feet by 8 feet, using the beds as dining tables, and stacking pots and pans on tiny floors. People sleep in wooden bunks under tarpaulins in backyards or "squat" in bomb-ruins under sacking spread across stones picked out of debris. As might be expected, the tuberculosis death rate, which is already about three times that of Western Europe, is going up, and one-third of Hong Kong's deaths are of infants under one year of age.

Three years ago, Sir Patrick Abercrombie pointed out that Hong Kong's congestion meant that 20,000 new dwellings were urgently needed. Since then, the problem has trebled; yet the number of dwellings built has been under 3,000. Local officials say: "If conditions are made too good, they will attract another influx." This argument presupposes an inability to control the frontier which is flatly denied by the police, who state that by the use of radio cars, searchlights and "walkie-talkie" equipment along the short border, the flow of illegal immigrants can be reduced to a tiny trickle. In any case, if Malthusian reasoning continues to hold the field, Hong Kong will become the worst slum colony under British rule.

One bright spot is the help being given to the fishermen and peasants of the New Territories to increase their takings by co-operative marketing. With about £20,000 from the Colonial Development and Welfare fund, 16 collecting centres and a central market have been set up, and 50 lorries operate daily to bring in the vegetable crops and the fishing catch to the central market in Kowloon. Meanwhile, real wages in Hong Kong are slightly higher than the low pre-war levels, but the labour code in operation is rudimentary and out of date. There is still no workmen's compensation law, and social insurance schemes are considered impracticable because of the large personnel which would be required to operate them. Pressure, however, by the two trade union federations for a system of unemployment insurance is increasing, as the American embargo causes Kowloon's enamel-ware factories to dismiss more workers. Unemployment among regular Hong Kong workers is estimated at 50,000.

The "deterrent" attitude towards the population problem which is so deeply rooted even in Hong Kong Government circles is illustrated by the recent controversy over the flogging of juvenile illegal entrants into the colony. In 1949, the number of whippings of children reached the extremely high figure of 4,367. Flogging was discontinued for an experimental period of nine months last year, but now the Hong Kong police are pressing for its re-introduction. They maintain—without producing any evidence—that the nuisance of unlicensed hawking by children has increased as a result of the suspension of whipping.

The truth is that the greater part of the boys punished in this way are children who come back repeatedly from China after deportation for unlicensed hawking. Most of them have been three or four years in Hong Kong. Numerically they are not a serious problem, and they should represent, not a target for the flogging-minded, but the subject of schemes of rehabilitation. There is ample work to be done in Hong Kong in house-building alone. The creation of training centres and the financing of large-scale house-building should not be beyond the purse of a colony with an annual export trade worth £250 million and a Budget surplus last year of £5 million. Unless, of course, it is intended to write off Hong Kong as a "wasting asset."

Battle Adjourned

Our Parliamentary correspondent writes: For three weeks before the recess Parliament had seemed more like a battlefield than a debating chamber. The hallmark of Tory strategy had been confusion: its plan was "to keep the Government out of bed." There was a debate on Tuesday on the Government's agreement with Egypt to pay our war debts to that country. By 7.30 the debate ended. The Opposition settled down for a late night on Prayers. But Buchan-Hepburn, the Tory Whip, omitted to ask for the withdrawal of the formal adjournment motion. The House therefore adjourned. The Opposition Front Bench were still sitting in their places as the Serjeant-at-Arms marched before them carrying the Mace out of the Chamber. The face of Buchan-Hepburn bore the glazed look of a man who wondered what had hit him.

On Wednesday, Chuter Ede carried the war into enemy country. Sydney Silverman's motion to refer "The Case of the Vicar's Letter" to the Committee of Privileges was defeated by 284 votes to 255. Despite assurances that the Whips were off, the vote was largely along Party lines; and jubilant Tories, with three Prayers to be discussed, foresaw further Government defeats. Adroitly, Ede snatched the dreamed victory from their grasp. "I move," he said, "that the House be now adjourned." In the hubbub of their anticipation, the Tories did not even hear the motion, which was carried without a division. For half an hour Churchill battled furiously with the Chair, arguing that a fraud had been perpetrated on the House. But the Deputy Speaker stood firm.

On Thursday, the Government and Opposition Chief Whips took over the field. Normally they are the backroom boys, who plan while others talk, and run, between them, "the usual channels of communication." Of late, it seemed, they had been blocked. Buchan-Hepburn blandly disclaimed responsibility for the blockage. Bill Whiteley flung down an ultimatum. Either an end to the improper use of Prayers, or the adjournment would continue to be moved. "As long as I am Chief Whip, the House will not sit until 2 a.m. for four nights a week for the convenience of the Opposition." Buchan-Hepburn promised consideration of these alternatives; and there it rests while Easter provides an armistice for the regrouping of forces and perhaps a better strategy

The Schuman Treaty

After months of bluffing and bargaining on all sides, the Schuman Plan is at last signed—or rather initialled, for this will be no easy child to rear. Is it the millenium of progressive capitalism? Or is it merely the mixture as before, the International Steel Cartel in new guise? Equipped with five administrative "institutions" arranged in complex hierarchy—the High Authority itself, its Consultative Committee of "producers, workers, and consumers," its Assembly of delegates from the parliaments of the six participating countries, its Council of Ministers to link the High Authority with member-Governments, and its Court of Justice for the hearing of appeals by member-Governments—the Schuman Treaty fits into no convenient formula.

The International Steel Cartel, after all, was a secret business, shuttered away from the light of publicity behind discreet doors in Luxembourg—a big business racket on traditional lines, which never pretended to be anything else. But with the Schuman Treaty all is frantically public, so public indeed that its documentation, collected together, rises to the ceiling and spills out across the floor. So tangled is the slender thread of compromise and common interest that one can do little more than examine its condition when it went into the machinery of negotiation, and examine it again at the point it comes out.

In origin the Schuman Plan had the dual objective of combining the coal and steel industries of Western Europe as a step towards Federal Union and as a practical means of guiding the Germans in the way they should go. After Britain's refusal to take part in the Plan, the first and glorious aim passed gradually into the background—though brought forward from time to time by flurries of eloquence—and the French began to concentrate on finding some permanent means of safeguarding French industry from the full effects of reviving Ruhr competition.

There was nothing wrong or sinister in this: the French looked the facts in the face, understood that Western Germany would certainly be brought to vigorous life by U.S. policy, saw that the Ruhr might soon resume, in that case, its predominant position in European industry, and tried to find a way of delaying or preventing this. There was a good deal of sense in M. Schuman's contention—though not by any means as much as some of his more ardent admirers have told us—that France and Germany could forget their old fears and animosities if "industrial integration" were once made possible. Utopians who look for the early and relatively painless establishment of a Federal or otherwise united Europe seemed to think that in the Schuman Plan they had found the Open Sesame from the capitalist dungeon. Without social revolution, and even without Socialist intentions, capitalist Europe could harmonise its quarrels. Harsh words were spoken against the Labour Government for politely refusing to lose sight of reality.

If the French interest in the Schuman Plan was clearly and honestly a wish to ensure French heavy industry supplies of Ruhr coke at prices no higher than those supplied to the Ruhr steel plants, together with a desire to prevent the German steel owners from ganging up against the French in the chase for world markets, it was obvious from the first that the Germans had other and wider objectives in mind. These were, without any equivocation, an end to certain specialised controls on the West German economy such as the International Authority for the Ruhr (whose principal function has been to decide how much coal the Germans must export, and therefore how much they may keep for themselves), an end to other forms of economic discrimination such as "decartelisation and deconcentration," and further advances towards West German sovereignty. The other countries were brought in, each with its own interests to promote and protect, largely because they could not very well stay out: from the first, however, it was primarily a duel between the French and the Germans. But a duel of a special kind: arbitrating between them, and ensuring that the negotiations should not deadlock and fail, there were the Americans. Without American promotion the Schuman Plan could never have reached the treaty stage; and it is the Americans, largely by their practical control of investment, who will decide the fate and future of the Schuman Treaty—once it acquires full legal force.

The engagement of these varying interests in the months that followed was accompanied by one great change in the economic outlook. At the beginning, the Schuman Plan had to be discussed against the background of coal and steel surplus in Europe, and with the prospect that this surplus would grow larger and not smaller. In a dwindling market, for example, coke prices became a factor of high importance to steel producers; and the French knew full well that they would rapidly lose their temporary lead over the Germans if Ruhr coke prices were to be higher for them than for German producers. Then came the Korean war, and overnight, as if by magic, the outlook changed. Now all was talk of shortage, not surplus; and what became of primary importance was no longer, for instance, the price of Ruhr coke (though that will always be important to the French) but the *amount* France was to receive. Other facts obscured the thread of argument, of course, and notably the need to allow for unduly high costs of production in Belgium: tenaciously M. Jean Monnet, the best French mind behind the Plan, has overcome these difficulties one by one.

And what emerges? Formally, a treaty which "shall ensure" regular coal and steel supplies to the common market, equal access to sources of production for all users of this market, the maintenance of prices at "the lowest possible level," and an undertaking to improve the conditions of workers in the coal and steel industries. Pious objectives which might mean anything or nothing: but behind them there is the substance of a solid and skilful bargain.

The Germans, on their side, have made great gains. Much helped by Mr. McCloy, the American High Commissioner in Germany, the Germans have restrained the process of "decartelisation and deconcentration" in the Ruhr to a modest minimum; they have saved, at any rate for a little while, their great central coal-sales organisation, the *Deutsche Kohlen Verkauf*; they have secured what are evidently satisfactory assurances that the International Authority for the Ruhr shall be wound up in the near future; and they have conserved for their heavy industry the principle and practice of *Verbundwirtschaft* — or the "combined economy" by which steel plants own coal mines.

Ruhr steel plants are to be permitted to own coal mines up to 75 per cent. of their estimated coal requirements—a complete reversal of the Allied attitude of 1945, but still "not really satisfactory" to the German industrialists. The spirit in which the Germans accept this truly monumental concession of principle and practice may perhaps be measured by a comment of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* lately that "it might be necessary to swallow a bitter pill if this could lead to other important concessions from the Allies." So important are the concessions already made that it may be said that the pre-1945 structure of ownership and control of German industry has been preserved without substantial change. None of this has prevented German Conservatives from bewailing their wrongs: according to the Right-wing *Deutsche Zeitung* of March 17, in a typical comment, the Schuman Treaty is a system designed to weaken and reduce German economic sovereignty for decades.

What the French have gained is less tangible. They have managed to replace the moribund Ruhr Authority with a regulating instrument which promises to have enduring American support, and which may enable them to compete with German heavy industry on the basis of equal prices. They have also applied international supervision to German coke distribution. And to some extent they have impeded vertical combination between steel and coal in the Ruhr, while conserving intact their own practice of vertical combination between steel and iron ore in Lorraine. How far these strictly economic gains will hold, must depend less on the Treaty than on the direction which its American controllers give to it.

What Europe gains is more problematical. That the arbitration of disputes between French and German heavy industry should be settled no longer by the secret processes of the International Steel Cartel, but by the open and reasonably democratic procedures laid down in the Treaty, is certainly a gain. Even if indirectly, the European public can now acquire some insight into the workings of the steel industry, and perhaps some control of them. When that is said, however, it must be recognised that the Schuman Treaty remains a strictly capitalist instrument which is subject to the laws of private concentration of ownership in industry. Under American aegis, the Treaty is essentially a deal between highly concentrated industries in Western Germany and France, whose private ownership in the future is taken for granted. We are a long way here from the Open Sesame to Federal Europe.

French Strikes

LOOKING back at the great wave of strikes which, beginning on the Paris Underground, swept in a few days across the whole of France, it is clear that the Metro strike was merely the spark that made the smouldering fire of French working-class discontent burst into flames. Time and again in the last few months the trade unions had warned, first, the Pleven Government and then the Queuille Government, that it was high time something was done about the rising cost of living. Yet M. Queuille, taking over, got the strange idea that his was merely a caretaker Government which would prepare the election, while the labour situation could take care of itself. Several days after the bus and Metro strike had broken out and was threatening to spread to other branches of transport and other industries, the mild-looking little man did some Strong Man stuff on the radio, saying he wouldn't tolerate this and wouldn't tolerate that. "The strike," he declared, "must not become an attempt to assassinate France." But it did no good. The "assassination" of France cheerfully went a stage further the very next day, when not only the Paris suburban lines but nearly all long-distance trains came to a standstill, when the gas and electricity workers threatened to come out, and the building, engineering and dozens of other trades were in a state of ferment. For my own part, I had never seen anything quite like it since the great strikes of 1936, which gained the 40-hour week, holidays with pay and collective bargaining.

The ambitions were not as far-reaching this time. But there was one thing which the present strikes had in common with the strikes of 1936—the very widespread, not to say unanimous, support of public opinion for the strikers. For the appalling confusion caused in Paris by the strike, not the strikers but the Government was blamed nine times out of ten. All the trade unions—Catholic, Socialist, as well as Communist—were behind it, and even if it is true that, in many cases, the Communist C.G.T. led the way, working "from below," the very fact that the others—even had they wished to—could not resist the movement is sufficiently indicative. Despite much disagreement among the trade union leaders, the workers often showed something of the old Popular Front unity.

By Thursday, realising that the strike was spreading like wildfire, the Government suddenly got cold feet and, after a week of almost total *immobilisme*, it suddenly burst into feverish and precipitous activity, desperately hoping to check the strikes from spreading. All this time the Socialist and M.R.P. members of the Government, who were being pestered by their respective unions—the Force Ouvrière and the C.F.T.C.—were at sixes and sevens. Perhaps it was they who finally shook M. Queuille out of his Strong Man's Lethargy; for suddenly, on Friday, it was announced that the minimum wage would be raised from between 11 and 15 per cent., and that the Government had found that, in the last seven months, the cost of living had actually gone up by 12½ per cent. This, at least, was a beginning; but a complete settlement is still to be reached.

It is too early to say exactly how different wages in both the "public sector" and the "private sector" will be affected by the raising of the minimum wage and the various other concessions that may be extracted by strikes or the threat of strikes; but it seems clear that many trades and occupations will, in varying degrees, benefit. In the "private sector," an all-round 7 per cent. increase has been granted by the employers of the engineering industry. It is notable, however, that the tendency is to make deals with the non-Communist trade unions, thus confronting the C.G.T., whose terms are always stiffer, with a *fait accompli*. In the "public sector," the wage increases will, of course, make another big hole in the Budget, and one cannot help suspecting that the Queuille Government was so scared of the strikes spreading that it had to offer an increase without having had time to see how it would find the necessary revenue. It may, of course, be tempted, on the eve of the election, simply to resort to some plain currency inflation; but it may also, as some have suggested, "get its money back" by increasing indirect taxation—which would, in the main, hit the low-category incomes. Will the Paris Underground, for instance, increase its fares once again?

One thing to which the Government would on no account agree was any sort of sliding scale, and one cannot help feeling that although it has tried to "pay off" the strikers and the rest of the working class—in an emergency, just in order to stop the strike—it has solved nothing in the long run. It is not even certain how well the Government's promises will be kept: in other words, how much will be *real* increase, and how much only *promised* increase? One recalls the unhappy experience of the gas and electricity workers who, a year ago, were promised a revision of their wages if they went back to work; last week they were still waiting for this promise to be fulfilled. The threat of a wages-and-prices spiral is very serious, especially with a Government firmly opposed to any kind of *planisme* and effective controls; there are no illusions that the slight increase in the railwaymen's wages, for instance—provisionally fixed at 1800frs. a month added to wages often as low as 14,000 francs—will prove more than a temporary expedient. The increase is one-third of what the Paris Metro workers had originally demanded.

What is the way out? Two remedies are widely discussed—they might be described as the "external" remedy and the "internal" one. The "external" solution is that there is no escape from the rising cost of living in France except in the curtailment of the rearmament programme and the liquidation of the war in Indo-China—a view strongly supported by the neutralist group. The "internal" solution, supported by such a "pro-Atlantic" paper as *Franc-Tireur*, consists in saying that the standard of living among the French working class can only be maintained if a far-reaching reform of the entire French taxation system is undertaken. It quotes some interesting revenue figures for 1949. Whereas there are over a million private cars in France, only 131,000 people declared an income of more than £850 a year, and only four million people paid any income tax at all. Of these four million, more than half were low-category wage-earners with an average income of £300 a year. The 950,000 "personal commercial undertakings" (i.e., mostly shops) declared an average income of £225. The Ministry of Finance itself estimated tax evasion at £250 million in 1949—a very moderate estimate. Meanwhile, in the employer class some new tendencies have lately found the most cynical expression; much admiration is felt on the quiet for General Franco, who has established a system the essence of which is "free" prices and frozen wages, and there are French employers who would like a "tough" government in France to apply the same sort of policy. *Esprit*, in its last number, quoted gems from speeches by some big French employers:

> No need for running water in workers' dwellings: they can go and fetch it. . . . The minimum wage should imply some hardship lest the fellows get lazy. . . . Why does a workman need pyjamas? He can sleep in the nude. . . . Half-a-ton of coal for every worker? What for? On getting back from work he can go to bed, and take his wife with him, and they'll both keep warm.

This is not a collection of feeble jokes, but quotations from the minutes of a recent meeting of a sub-committee of the Collective Contracts Commission discussing family budgets.

Paris, March 26. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

SUPPOSE Mr. Shinwell had said to the Service chiefs: "I know prices are rising. I know the case for rearmament is overwhelming, but the Cabinet has decided that you will have to do this year with a little less than last year's estimates." What a row there would have been! But when the Cabinet makes precisely this decision about our political warfare budget there is hardly a murmur except from the offices of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*. Next year we are going to spend £1,100 millions on the armed Services, an increase of £350 millions, and £4½ millions on political warfare, a decrease of £35,000; and we are now told that this will entail drastic cuts, not only in the British Council, but in the B.B.C. services to Western Europe. On any calculation this seems to be very odd. In a period of cold war, the projection of ideas is of the greatest political importance. Consider the case of France as only one example. The B.B.C. achieved a unique standing among Frenchmen of all classes during the war; even more astounding, it has held over a million Frenchmen as listeners to its peacetime service. Yet at a time when Anglo-French agreement could be one of the most important factors in the world balance of power, we are drastically curtailing our broadcasts in French on the grounds that we can't afford them. No one presumably has bothered to ask what is the good of the five divisions and the jet bombers that we are contributing, at enormous expense, to European defence if France and Britain have opposing peace aims. The actual effect of cutting our broadcasts at a time when the Americans are vastly increasing theirs will be to subject French listeners to the "Voice of America"—which, as

I am constantly reminded, is *not* the real voice of America—and make them feel that Britain cares nothing about her European neighbour.

* * *

Scientists grin ironically at Peron's atomic announcement. They tend to support the view that its object is to impress the Pan-American Conference and to distract attention from the world-wide protest at the suppression of *La Prensa*. One scientific expert puts the technical point like this. Peron, he says, would have sounded more convincing if he had gone the whole hog and claimed to have the hydrogen bomb instead of "controlled thermo-nuclear reaction." The Argentine team cannot, in his view, have produced in a closed laboratory and with a "noiseless explosion" the twenty million degrees centigrade which is necessary to produce the fusion of hydrogen atoms and the release of energy. This is the process by which the sun produces energy, but then it needs the temperature of the interior of the sun to do it. At that heat, the materials would gasify—including the stone walls which Professor Richter ascribed to his furnace. The only source of such heat is the fission bomb—uranium or plutonium—which generates it in one instantaneous flash. The theory of the hydrogen bomb (uncontrolled thermo reaction) is that the single flash might "trigger off" a hydrogen bomb in which material would turn into gas. The idea of a laboratory which *maintains* this degree of heat seems sheer rubbish. On the other hand, Peron would find it difficult to claim to possess the hydrogen bomb since the world outside would have detected the explosion. So he had to have a silent explosion in which the radio activity was limited to an island laboratory.

* * *

The facts outlined in *The Curtain Falls* (*Lincolns-Prager*, 4*s*. 6*d*.) broadly bear out Aneurin Bevan's comment in his foreword that "the Communist does not look upon the Socialist as an ally in the common cause. He looks upon him as a dupe, a temporary convenience, and as something to be thrown uselessly to one side when he has served his purpose." The book consists of a general chapter by Denis Healey, who is Secretary of the International Department of the Labour Party, followed by accounts by exiled Social-Democratic leaders of Communist methods of destroying the Social-Democratic parties in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. There is much that is true and useful in the book, but it is marred by its purely propagandist character. The exiled Socialists do not discuss whether it would have been better for the Socialists to have refused all co-operation with Communists in Eastern Europe during the first two years of reconstruction after the war. They do not set the story in the context of past tyranny and the inevitable preponderance of Soviet influence after the war. They assume that, apart from Communist wickedness, Social-Democracy could have pulled off the job in Poland and Hungary. They easily show that the Communists have lived up to their own ruthless belief that personal relations are of no account, and that loyalty to comrades is a vice when it ceases to be approved by the Politburo. But the impression left by this brochure is that in reaction against Communist dictatorship the masses of Eastern Europe would rise and fight on the side of the West if they got the chance. Of what proportions of Polish or Czech workers and peasants this is true, I can make no guess. It would depend on circumstances, on propaganda and, in Poland most of all, on whether the West had rearmed the Germans.

* * *

One of the climbing accidents on Snowdon last week-end—when a member of an experienced party slipped in Trinity Gully and they all fell 500 feet—seems to have been a genuine climbing accident: the hazard which every climber accepts in advance. But the rest, to judge from the newspaper accounts, seem to have been all easily avoidable. Three people slipped on the easy path beside the railway, on a patch of snow-covered ice. One, having successfully climbed two pitches on Tryfan, fell coming home unroped down a normally easy gully. Once more, this melancholy series makes us face the consequences of the spectacular growth of the open-air movement which, since the early Thirties and the first Youth Hostels, has brought town dwellers to the mountains and made climbing a popular sport. The established climbing clubs, the training schemes run by the Central Council of Physical Recreation, can only touch a fraction of the crowd who fill to bursting every barn, hostel and cottage in North Wales on a holiday week-end. Many others rush off lacking that piece of mountaineering equipment which is even more necessary than the ice-axes they also lack—a proper humility in the face of a mountain. Nobody has any business on any mountain in winter—let alone Snowdon in a blizzard—unless he has the clearest idea of what the mountains can do to him. No amount of jolly summer days on Crib Goch, of rock climbs in good conditions, can be any substitute for this essential knowledge.

* * *

Soon after the boat race on Saturday a friend rang up. He said: "Did you see the Oxford crew sinking on television? As a Cambridge man I must say I never expected to see anything more absolutely perfectly splendid." As a Cambridge man myself, I cannot aspire to this depth of University patriotism. But I knew what he meant. One can seldom really let oneself go in enjoying a disaster. Except on the films, one is usually conscious that people are getting hurt or in danger; sadistic pleasure is ruined by conscience. But there was no danger, let alone tragedy, in the spectacle of the Oxford oarsmen with their blades under water sitting, dignified and immobile, as the water rose up higher and higher. . . . It reminded me of that Basil Radford and Naughton Wayne film in which the disappointed lover walks nonchalantly into a lake until he disappears, leaving no more behind him than a few ripples, a hat floating on the water and a ghost to haunt the dry land. It also suggested to me that a wonderful film could be made of *Zuleika Dobson;* the picture of all love-sick Oxford leaping into the water and drowning themselves in despair would be almost, but not quite, as good as the real thing in the Thames last Saturday.

CRITIC

WESTWARD HO!

Drake he swept the Spanish Main in the days of long ago,
Raleigh scoured the seas for England's sake,
Beating up the Channel with the galleons in tow,
Silver, gold and gems were theirs to take.
Then the hulls were bursting with precious ores and spice,
Now they carry sirloins, chops and steak,
But we're chewing whale and seal meat,
While the Dons bear off the real meat—
It would have been quite different in the gallant days of Drake.

It's Westward Ho! for beefsteak,
It's rump below the Line!
But who will meet the treasure fleet
That sails from Argentine?
While we take horse for a main meat course
There can be no mistake
These aren't the days of Drake, my lad,
They're not the days of Drake!

Drake made mincemeat of the Dons, he boarded them at will,
(Where are the adventurers of old?)
Bales of beefy merchandise are running to Brazil,
(Drake and Raleigh raided free and bold!)
But ships in the offing! Sirloin on our lee!
Prize exceeding silver, gems and gold!
O, it's Southward to the river
Where they're shipping tons of liver
With the sweetbreads, hearts and kidneys and the oxtails in the hold!

It's Westward Ho! for pressed beef,
It's Southward Ho! for corned.
The Spanish fleet is stuffed with meat
Of cattle hoofed and horned.
We'd make no meal of a mess of seal
If the likes of Drake were told,
"The meat fleet's under weigh, my lad,
With offal in the hold!"

Drake is sleeping down below while treasure galleons sail,
Dinner-gongs are drumming all in vain,
It's Northward Ho! for reindeer, and Southward Ho! for whale,
But Westward Ho! for bullocks on the plain!
Call him from the Ministry, call him from the shore,
Tell him that the Dons our terms disdain—
No Britain would eat grampus
While the cattle range the pampas,
If Drake and Raleigh sailed to sack the meaty Spanish Main!

Then Westward Ho! like Raleigh,
Then Westward Ho! like Drake!
They'd catch the tide if Bess had cried
"My kingdom for a steak!"
No seal or whale or reindeer stale
Can hearts of oak sustain.
So it's time to call on admirals all
To sweep the Spanish Main!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Poultry keepers hold their second annual open show in the Duke of Wellington on Saturday. Owing to fowl pest no poultry will be exhibited, but the success of the show should still be assured. —*Sunderland Echo.* (W. Massie.)

Middlesex County Council has decided to cover up paintings, some of partly clothed nymphs and shepherds, in a house it is adapting as a children's home at Northaw Place, Potters Bar. They are classical Greek studies after Sir James Thornhill. . . . They are recognised as excellent examples of work carried out about 1700, and are to be preserved under two coats of lining paper.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Norman Roberts.)

My son, aged four, talks gravely about Government blunders, rising prices, fuel shortage and so on.

He rises early, washes and dresses and cooks himself a breakfast of toasted cheese under the electric grill.—Letter in *Daily Express*. (William Walker.)

1.50—Oxford crew were seen laughing and smiling as they sank.—*South Wales Echo*. (D. O. Edwards.)

The Six Counties

II.—Drift from the Land

Partition is often said to have divided Ireland into an agrarian South and an industrial North. The South is agrarian all right; but the North is really no more industrial than, say, France: it is not a real industrial State like Britain or Belgium. Agriculture remains the biggest industry of the Six Counties, employing three times as large a part of the population as in England. Indeed, Northern Ireland's industry will outstrip agriculture at its own peril. Freight charges make it hard for a Belfast factory to sell in Britain; Eire's tariffs prevent a natural sale in the South; the export market cannot but be precarious. A basic guaranteed market in the Six Counties themselves is the need—and the lack.

In the back country of Tyrone and Fermanagh, there are cottagers who pass a month without entering a shop. They eat what they grow; their clothes are of real antiquity; their scanty pocket-money goes to the House of Guinness. Whether they are classed as farmers or farm labourers makes less difference than an Englishman would imagine. The latter get a little over four pounds a week; the former clear generally about the same, for most of the land is divided into family plots of thirty to fifty acres, and the soil is not rich. A 1944 survey showed a third of Northern Ireland's farm workers living below Lord Beveridge's "minimum standard of subsistence." In Fermanagh, 37 per cent. of the houses were unfit for habitation; 96 per cent. had no running water, and 93 per cent. no gas or electricity.

How long are these people going to stick it? In Londonderry, a member of the Agricultural Wages Board told me that he knew of two hundred families who had emigrated to Britain or Canada in the last two years. But most of those who leave the land do not go so far. They settle in Belfast or its industrial neighbourhood, where the main existing problems are unemployment, overcrowding, and long waiting lists for new houses.

The slow process whereby the rural areas become less populous and less productive has been going on for a century, but it can be afforded now less than ever. It is not confined to the Six Counties; in Eire, farm wages are even lower, holdings even smaller, and emigration just as wasting. But there is a difference. North of the Border, the process is intensified by the war of Orange and Green. The Catholic peasant of County Leitrim may be no more free from want than his cousin in County Fermanagh; but he is decidedly more free from fear.

Since the Plantations, Ulster's best land has been owned by Protestant farmers. The employed workers and the bogland cottagers, in the main, are Catholics. If farms were large, there would be a decisive Catholic majority at the polls, at least in the Border counties. But owners of family farms are as numerous as labourers. So, in the last elections for Westminster, the Nationalist members, for constituencies covering Fermanagh, Tyrone, and part of Derry, got 65,000 votes and their Unionist opponents 59,000. This delicate balance, put to good use by gerrymandering, enables Unionists to dominate almost all the local authorities in the region. But if the Nationalist majorities in Parliamentary voting are narrow, the Unionist supremacy in local elections is just as precarious. It is plainly to the interest of the Orange party to increase the Protestant and decrease the Catholic population—a task which becomes the more urgent as it runs counter to the birth rates of the two communities. This is done mainly in three ways.

First, everything is done to keep Protestant land in Protestant hands. At farm auctions, a selected "loyal" bidder is helped to pay a price exceeding what any Catholic competitor can afford, and often exceeding what the farm is worth. The help comes from funds maintained by Unionist Associations.

Secondly, the population is kept in its depressed condition, even if this means hard times for the poorer Protestants too. Land wages are kept low and hours long, the wages of the considerable body of road and quarry workers are tied to the agricultural level, new houses are built as rarely as possible. In Fermanagh, it was admitted in 1944 that no houses had been built under the Labourers Act since 1912; and post-war building lags behind the need. Poverty, together with the hopelessness of ever buying a farm on good land, drives the Catholic population to migrate. Some leave the country; most go to live in the Falls Road district of Belfast, which already votes for the anti-Partitionist Labour Party.

Thirdly, little industry is brought to the Border counties, though new industries are well dispersed in the Orange areas of Antrim and Armagh. Factories might speed up the drift from the land, but they would allow it to be mopped up locally. But Enniskillen, for instance, has only two factories. One employs a labour force which is two-thirds Protestant, much of it from outside the region, though the local unemployed are largely Catholic. The other factory happens to belong to a Dublin firm and follows the opposite policy.

These methods serve well, at least in the short run, to maintain the Ascendancy. They also perpetuate religious hatred, injure the rural economy, and harm Northern Ireland's industries too by depriving them of a balanced home market. That they are instigated (as distinct from tolerated) by Stormont I should not care to assert without evidence. That they are pursued with enthusiasm by the Unionist Associations of the Border counties seems to me, from inquiries on the spot, beyond dispute.

Mervyn Jones

Census Hazards

(By a Correspondent)

Ever since David numbered the people and brought down a pestilence on Israel, census-taking has been reckoned a risky business. Even the launching of census legislation has its perils. The breeze that blew up in the Commons last summer, when the Census Order was being debated, was curiously reminiscent of the sound and fury that attended the rejection of the Census Bill of 1753—a measure which was described in the House at the time as potentially "the most effectual instrument of rapacity ever used against an injured people." But the census authorities, watching the portents as anxiously as any farmer eyes the weather, could scarcely have been amused.

On the whole, with 150 years of census-taking and fourteen successful counts behind them, they are luckier than many of their colleagues overseas, but they are by no means out of the wood yet. There has been a gap of twenty years since the last census of Great Britain and it is anybody's guess how the public will react, on April 8, to what Fleet Street has described as "the father and mother of all Whitehall forms." The census schedule is at first sight a formidable document. Even those who give lip-service to the cause of statistical accuracy have been seen to quail at the sight of it. But, given the questions and the need for uniform answers, it is hard to see how the instructions could be shorter or less detailed.

The selection of the questions, and the tactful elimination of the less acceptable, must have called for considerable diplomacy. A questionnaire addressed to every person in the country is fair game for every official and unofficial crank, and the questions which have been quietly dropped or set aside would no doubt have filled several schedules and placed an intolerable burden on the census machine. As it is, the Registrar-General has a mixed bag of questions, some old, some new, and on the whole perhaps a fuller one than he would have wished. How well the public (thoroughly educated in form-filling but allergic to official questionnaires) will cope with the questions is open to doubt. Opinion among Registrars of Births and Deaths, who, as census officers, will bear the brunt of the operation, is that many a rural enumerator will earn his £10 or £12 the hard way by filling in the schedules for most of the people in his district.

The family questions, including one about the date of first marriage and one about divorce, though not new in principle, have already swollen the mail of the women's magazines considerably and will give the Registrar-General and his staff many a headache before census day is over. No use to point out that they are carefully phrased to avoid offence, that they are not asked of unmarried women, do not relate to illegitimate children and will be used for strictly statistical purposes only. Distorted and magnified, these fundamentally innocent questions are already worrying people with skeletons hidden in their family cupboards; and often enough the question that is most feared is not even in the schedule. Yet the worry is none-the-less real. Most ironical of all—and not in the least comforting to the census authorities—is the fact that the "population boys" (the professional demographers and the birth-rate watchers) consider the questions in this group to be barely adequate, and certainly much less comprehensive than they had hoped.

Among the new questions, the one that asks the age at which full-time education ceased is perhaps the most interesting, although its full value will not be realised unless, and until, it is

repeated in later censuses. As it is, it will provide a rough and ready measurement of the level of education in this country, and, linked with the questions on occupation and industry, it will tell us a great deal we do not know at present about the ladder of opportunity as it has existed in this country. We shall see, for example, what proportion of those who left school at, say, 13 or 14 are now sitting at managerial desks, and presumably how many who enjoyed some form of higher education have fallen by the wayside.

Another innovation is the group of questions about household amenities, which should add considerably to the value of the census household tables. These will be awaited with interest in quarters where the 1931 figures, patched up here and there with estimates derived from local surveys, are still doing service. There is at present no reliable general figure for the number of families "doubling up" or even the number of "households." The census figures, when they come (and the full tables will not be available for a year or two) may prove politically explosive.

Housing is only one of the points at which the census comes close to politics; uncomfortably close so far as the census authorities are concerned. But by and large the Registrar-General is more fortunate in this respect than the census-takers elsewhere. The radicals have always, naturally enough befriended the census: Chadwick would have had one every year! Ever since Malthus raised the spectre of over-population, the need for a periodical stocktaking has been generally accepted, and the census has long been removed from the sphere of party politics. Nevertheless the present Registrar-General has to face one difficulty unknown to his predecessors: he must contrive to disassociate himself and his census from the odious word "planning"—not an easy task despite the fact that private firms and commercial research workers are among the chief beneficiaries of the census. He is, however, more fortunate than the United States census authorities who found themselves in 1950 fighting a losing battle against the party machines for the control of their own field organisation. Nor is he likely to share the fate of those responsible for the 1937 census of the Soviet Union, whom the Council of People's Commissars accused of having "grossly violated the first principles of statistical science." The Council consequently "considered the organisation of the census to be unsatisfactory and the materials of the census defective."

Our own census, seen from abroad, is not without its peculiarities—the stress on confidentiality, for instance, the fact that the head of household, not the enumerator, completes the schedule, and the conservatism of the questions. In Britain the census authorities not only can, but do, lay their hands on their hearts and say that no scrap of census information can ever be used against any individual, so that such bigamists, burglars, deserters and others as care to complete their census schedules truthfully need have no fear of unpleasant repercussions later. Then there is always a great stirring among the boarders and others whose desire to "keep themselves to themselves" leads them to demand confidential returns and, even when they get them, to complain that the enumerator is likely to gossip about their business. He would face a criminal charge and two years in prison if he did, poor man—by international standards a barbaric penalty.

There is, of course, always the chance of a last minute threat to the census. In 1921 the enumeration was put off owing to the current strike; in 1911 a band of suffragettes threatened to thwart the census-takers by barricading themselves in Kingsway Hall on census night. This time perhaps the "pollsters," many of whom regard a census without a sample as a sadly pedestrian exercise, will stage a similar demonstration. The Registrar-General is no doubt keeping his fingers crossed.

British Council

AUSTRIA under Four-Power occupation, it seemed to me during a recent lecture tour, was as good a place as any in which to reflect on the changed European scene into which British culture is to-day "projected." In Central Europe, as in this country, political uncertainty has encouraged the cultural backward glance. No fewer than fifteen theatres were open in Vienna. Opera and the classics of course, but plenty of contemporary stuff, too. The shops seemed full of things rarely seen in London; people in the working-class suburbs appeared quite well dressed; and if the paint was peeling here and there in the Karl Marx Hof, its day nursery school was still luxurious by L.C.C. standards. Yet I soon realised how far the sense of normality is removed. There are the things which happened during 1938-45 which too many Austrians still don't like to talk about. There are the posters outside the nearly rebuilt Vienna Opera House and other sites, proclaiming Marshall Aid in the rebuilding, and curiously linking the power of American wealth with that of the American aircraft which had knocked the buildings down. Outside the Soviet headquarters in the Neue Hofburg there hangs an enormous Red Star, with little electric light bulbs round the edges and in the centre a large portrait of Stalin ("Big Brother is looking at you!") in magazine cover colours. And British influence? Ah, yes, here is the British Council, with its pleasant reading-room, its well-equipped library; here is an agreeable young man announcing the talk of the week, a lecture by some one on the modern novel, or perhaps on the work of Police Court Probation Officers—anyway, the British way of life.

After *The Third Man*, with its satirical British Council scene, it is hard to avoid initial self-consciousness when lecturing in Vienna. Yet, actual experience of eager audiences shows this feeling to be quite misplaced, and not only in Vienna. After all, British post-war life—strange amalgam of levelling and capitalism, austerity and Welfare State, drabness and remarkable discipline—is something entirely new; and, the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that the British Council's young man, with his library facilities, his eagerness to supply textbooks or discussion topics, his professed detachment from current politics, was not at all a bad representative of post-war British life.

How do educated Europeans regard this post-war Britain? The answer is partly determined by class and nationality, and partly complicated by politics. There is the American impact on Europe—American economic aid, cars, films, magazines—and the European reaction against it. American publicity is never anti-British, but apt to ignore Britain's existence. In the numerous European Communist newspapers, on the other hand, Moscow's accusations against Britain are repeated with gramophone-like regularity; and in a country with resentments, like Italy, the opportunist extreme Right is apt to join in this chorus. And yet, how deep-rooted is such hostility? A characteristic conversation reported to me by a friend was with a young Italian lawyer, passionately Left-wing, who began with the usual Party-line attack, and then abruptly switched to praise of British rationing: "A country where you have only 30 deka of meat a week, and a butcher merely cracks jokes with his customers about his empty shelves—I must say, that's something admirable!" In other words, as one might suspect, first-hand knowledge of British post-war life can provide a greater support for British policy in Europe than is often imagined; and, in putting such knowledge across, the British Council has to-day a new role to play.

The political importance of this may be more than is realised. Take Austria again: in terms not only of material reconstruction but of re-establishing the facade of civilised day-to-day life, the Austrians, and especially the Socialists, appear to have done extremely well. Yet the social upheavals of the last thirty years have destroyed too much. Intelligent Austrians are among the first to admit that (apart from a handful of Jewish and other *emigrés*), their country has for decades not produced a statesman, a writer, or an original idea of any importance. Western Germany's case seems even worse. Reading numbers of German newspapers during recent train journeys, finding them all lively, technically well set up and almost devoid of a single original idea, I had an almost eerie sense of an intellectual vacuum, as of the rooms of empty apartments waiting for an occupier. Who will the occupiers be? The intellectual vacuum of Central Europe is being assailed by the Communists with the formula of incessant repetition, to which Americans fail to provide a spiritually satisfying answer. French cultural influence has not yet recovered from collapse and Vichy. In many quarters in Europe, therefore, there is a wide-open field for intensified British cultural influence, to use this awkward shorthand term.

Practical experience on the whole bears this out. Much disparaged at home, the British Council, certainly on the level of its basic work of providing libraries, textbooks, occasional lectureships and visits to Britain, is often astonishingly popular abroad. Last year its teaching institutes in Milan and Turin had two thousand members between them; when the Prague office had to close, people queued from early morning for its sale of English books; in Budapest, membership of the Council library actually doubled during the last three highly precarious months of its life. On more rarified levels of culture, the Council's "Hogarth to Turner" exhibitions successfully put British painting on the map in Scandinavia, and even for the first time in Italy, where the total attendance was near a quarter of a million. Tours of the "Old Vic" and British ballet have been certain winners from the start. Or again, post-war developments in British medicine, social services and social welfare work or the British police system (studied by a number of important visitors) have proved strong drawing cards. Where, on my own impression, more might have been done is in the exposition of the ideas of leading English writers, *e.g.* Shaw, Keynes, Toynbee, Huxley, Eliot, Greene, Orwell. Particularly in Central Europe one meets a ready admission that there is no local equivalent to such a list.

Granted the desirability of such "projection of culture," the questions "how much" and "exactly which" of course remain. The total cost of the Government's overseas publicity services, including the B.B.C.'s overseas programmes, is to-day fairly high—nearly £11 millions a year. The British Council on its global budget (including the Commonwealth and the Colonies) received just over £3 millions, while the

Foreign Office's own information service, divided from British Council work by a line which is not always quite clear, accounted for another £2,300,000. One can guess that, with rearmament to pay for, Treasury officials may be surveying this whole expenditure rather sharply in the light of short-term returns—and this must apply especially to the British Council. The basic work—*i.e.*, the fostering of various English studies, the provision of textbooks, the circularisation of latest British developments in agriculture, medicine or education—all that might pass. But the varied and scattered additional Council activities—the courses in British Local Government, fruit-growing or safety at sea ; the sponsored visits to this country of, say, a group of hard-headed Yugoslavs, the Registrar of a German University or the Director-General of the Bibliotèque Nationale ; subsidising a lecturership here and entering into translation-arrangements there ; providing new audiences for British drama and ballet ; reinforcing Mr. T. S. Eliot's European reputation and establishing that of Mr. Henry Moore—one can readily see the official mind questioning the short-term value for Government money spent.

It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin, who will apparently between them control the realm of Government publicity, will let a broader view prevail and realise that, in a Europe so caught in to-day's ideological war, the closing of a British Institute or the cancelling of another expected lecture or visit will be like a minor defeat—another small sign of British retreat from Europe. Of course, improvements in the varied parts of this system are possible, and wasteful overlapping can doubtless be avoided. But a few facts seem clear. Related to general rearmament expenditure, the cost of all overseas information remains extremely small ; and, according to fairly conclusive evidence, such publicity for " the British way of life " and British culture can be of assistance to British policy in Europe, especially in quarters where more independent British leadership would be welcomed.

T. B. FYVEL

Precedence

I PASSED behind them on my way from the shelves marked ARC to the shelves marked ETH. : the girl was wearing an old pair of flannel trousers, a dirty raincoat, of the kind one associated with junior officers of the I.R.A., and under that a rayon shirt which was not very clean. She had a pretty, pointed face, carelessly but generously painted, and fluffy, yellow hair. Her expression, as she glanced at me, was shrewd and curious, but I should not have put her down as an imaginative type. Her husband was one of those youngish men whose baldness mysteriously contributes to their youthful appearance instead of ageing them. He was dressed exactly like his wife, excepting that his shirt was of cotton. I knew them by sight as market-gardeners and poultry farmers in an insignificant way of business ; they lived in a two-room asbestos bungalow on their field. I think that they had a great deal of trouble with their sanitary equipment, because they seemed always to be in the ironmongers when I went there, passionately denouncing it to the shop man.

The man had a book in his hand, which he had just taken from the shelf, and as I passed behind him I heard him say : "Here, Shirley, this is interesting." Shirley went to look at the book, across his arm, and I managed, as I passed his shoulder, to see the title : it was a work on Etiquette, and I could not imagine why they should find it interesting. In any case, I had my own rather hopeless search for a general book on Ethnology to undertake.

My search was much disturbed by the conversation of the other couple ; I was distracted by the fragments of it which I could hear, and instead of concentrating on what I was doing, kept trying to hear more. The remark which drew my attention in the first place came from the husband, who said : " No, no, the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence . . . look, it says here . . . "

The fluffy, yellow head and the bald one came together over the book, and I missed the next exchanges until I heard the girl say : " F'rinstance, *I'd* have to go in to dinner with the Duke of Norfolk . . . unless perhaps the Archbishop . . . I'm not sure, clergymen are special, I think."

" That's all very well," the husband said, rather heatedly I thought, and raising his voice in a manner which our librarian dislikes, " but what about the Queen ? It's absurd, you can't leave her to last. According to you I'd have to come in last, but as host, you must admit . . . "

I listened, fascinated, to his argument, which he delivered with great seriousness : as far as I could see, it was irrefutable, the speaker had no inconsiderable forensic talent. His wife, who now had the book in her hands, listened sulkily until he had done, and then she said : " Well, I can't help that. It distinctly says here . . . " Once again the convergence of heads over the book cut me off from their argument, which was tiresome, for by this time I was madly curious to know how they were going to solve this difficult social problem.

I found my book and moved over to the fiction side to get a novel. The man and girl were just before me in the queue to get the books stamped, and I saw that they were borrowing the work on Etiquette and that they both looked sulky and ill-tempered. Later in the afternoon I found them again in the tea-rooms, so I took the next table, giving them what I hoped was a friendly smile. However, it was wasted : they had the Etiquette book open on the table between them, they were glaring at each other across it, neither of them had touched their tea-cake, and their tea was stewing, unpoured, in its pot. The husband's bald head glistened with little sweat beads and he was white with anger. He was saying : " It's not a bit of good your talking like that, my girl, I know better. Besides, it's down here . . ." he tapped the open book with a dirty finger " . . . in black and white. I suppose you'll admit that the author knows what he's talking about . . . a person of quality, it says, see ? . . . "

His wife gave him a furious look, snatched up the book, ruffled the pages, found the one she wanted and thrust the book back at him with a shaking hand. While he read she poured out their tea, slopping a good deal into the saucers. The passage to which she had referred her husband was rather long, and he read with a deliberation which, I could see, exasperated her, meanwhile eating his tea-cake, which had become leathery and greasy, and looking at it each time before he took a bite, in a reproachful manner.

He began talking with his mouth full as soon as he had finished reading, with short pauses for mastication and swallowing. He said, with deliberate self-control : " So it comes to this, my lady. *You're* to go in first, got up to the nines like the dog's dinner, on the arm of the Duke of Norfolk, while I'm to come in last—*in* my own house, mark you—with your auntie Minnie. Likely, isn't it ? "

The girl put down her cup with a clatter. " I never said anything about auntie," she said.

" *Presumably*," her husband replied, " I say presumably, you'd be inviting your family. I never knew us dodge that one, not likely ! But never mind that, just you look here. . . ." He was turning the pages of the book and presently, his voice very little lowered in deference to the publicity of the place, began to read aloud from his authority. It seemed to me that the person of quality had equivocated a good deal, the duties of a host were by no means clear to me : he seemed to be expected to be everywhere at once, to make certain that the least considerable of his female guests had no cause to feel slighted, while paying unremitting attention to the principal lady present. Apparently, as I gathered from the asides, footnotes to the text, which the reader delivered with a glare at his wife, they had abandoned the project of royal guests as being too much a special case—like clergymen—and the lady now in question was the Duchess of Norfolk. The reader was well satisfied that he was making out an excellent case for not being saddled with Shirley's auntie, but I was less so.

In any case, his wife was not paying attention, she seemed to be brooding rather than listening, and before her husband had finished reading she burst out : " Now you listen to me, Bert Hobbart, you leave my family out of this, see ! "

" Who the hell's talking about your family," he said, and seemed genuinely astounded at what seemed to him an irrelevance.

" What about that dirty crack about auntie then ? She's always been good to me, and you've no call . . . ."

" Dirty crack ? I like that I must stay ! All I said . . ."

" Never mind what you *said*. It's what you *mean* . . . . I know you, Bert . . ."

" Oh, of course, if you're setting up as a mind reader ! " But again she was not listening, but brooded over her empty cup while he went on being sarcastic. " Cor ! " she said, at last, " we aren't half silly ! Fancy us with a mucky little shack and a lot of blasted chickens, not such a lot neither, come to that, talking as if the Duke of this and the Bishop of that . . . ." She did not finish, but just shrugged and sniffed, and looked up at her husband, ready to laugh if he would ; but I saw at once that something was wrong. She turned very white under her paint. I looked at her husband : he had slumped in his chair, almost theatrically despondent, from white he had turned grey, and his lower lip trembled.

" I'm sorry I haven't done better for you, I'm sure," he said. His voice was unsteady with the charge of self-pity. I heard the girl, Shirley, gasp, and then she said : " Oh, for Christ's sake, Bert, I didn't mean anything ! "

" Didn't you ? " he said, in a carefully flat voice. It was clear to me that he was enjoying every moment of this. He went on : " I sometimes wonder if you understand what you *do* mean. Ah, and if you know what you're doing half the time."

The girl became suddenly very still and watchful, as if she knew that here was a familiar danger. " What you mean, Bert ? " she said, in a small, depressed voice, knowing quite well what was coming and unable to avert it.

" You know what I mean, I reckon. What about Cooper, eh ? Sergeant bloody Cooper ? At the depot. And me in Normandy all the time. You . . . you . . . ." His bitterness, his jealousy, his whole air of being wrought up to a high pitch of suffering were so rankly bogus that I expected Shirley to laugh in his face. Nothing of the kind. She said, or rather cried, " Oh, my God ! Have I got to go through all that again ! "

She got to her feet, clumsily knocking over her chair and attracting the attention of everyone in the place, and ran out of the tea-rooms, with the tears washing her eyeblack into her rouge so that in a moment her face was grotesque and pitiful. Her husband took not the least notice, but lit a cigarette. His hands were shaking, but there was a quiet little smile of satisfaction on his face, and the brusque movement I made when I saw the smile attracted his attention to me. Evidently he knew that I had followed the whole scene, and he did not seem to mind at all.

"Hysterical," he said, in a manner which invited a manly shrug of sympathetic understanding. "My own fault," he went on, "for arguing with a woman, wife or no wife. Give 'em chapter and verse, it makes no odds. They've got no logic, that's where it is. You're wrong and they're right and that's flat. And end up hysterical."

He shook his head, still smiling that small, self-satisfied smile, and said to the passing waitress, "Can I have my check, Miss?"

I was behind him at the cash desk, and I noticed that as he counted out his money for the check, his hands were quite steady again.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

STRATFORD

THE Stratford season has opened with its theatre redecorated and immensely improved. In the original design the stage was set so far back from the audience that, in an already large theatre, the actors seemed divided from the audience by a gulf even greater than the actual one of the wide orchestra pit. Now, not only has that gap been closed up, but the distant "circle", which previously belied its name and formed a straight cut across the back of the theatre like a cinema balcony, has been given a friendly curve round into side boxes. The effect of this change of shape is to gather audience and actors together by concealing their distance, and to make a hitherto rather impersonal auditorium into something very much more intimate: the greys and reds of the new decoration enhance the effect. The director deserves our gratitude for his bold tackling of this problem, but there is one caution needed. The illusion of intimacy is only an illusion; deceived by it, the actors are falling back into that inaudibility which last year they seemed to be conquering.

This season Mr. Michael Redgrave is heading the cast in "the cycle of the historical plays," *Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV* (with Mr. Anthony Quayle as Falstaff) and *Henry V*, and to temper what might otherwise seem a rather austere group for the Festival year, Mr. Michael Benthall is to produce Michael Redgrave in *The Tempest*. *Richard II* opened last Saturday, with Mr. Redgrave playing the King and in a production by Mr. Anthony Quayle. It was a vigorous production and straightforward (except in one particular—a comic York) which has some fine scenes in it, is beautifully dressed and, on the whole, excellently acted. It is, I think, up to the new Stratford tradition and yet—there's no denying that "yet"—it only smoulders; it never breaks into that crackling flame which is for audiences the great theatrical experience, and which *Richard II* (in spite of what always strikes me as disparities in its parts) is capable of providing. I found it hard at the time to put my finger on the reason.

First I wondered if one of the contributory obstacles might not be the setting; for here Miss Moiseiwitsch seems to me to have been far less successful than with her dresses. A dark wooden platform raised on what is no more solid than, and not much different from, scaffolding is mounted in the centre of the stage, with steps curving round each side of it. Its centre can be closed with dark wooden doors or can be left open to reveal more scaffold poles planted in barrels behind. It all has an air of improvisation, as of having been left, half-finished, out of doors. (So it works rather badly against indoor scenes.) This contraption—for it looks like that—faces us when we come into the theatre, for this is one of those "no curtain" productions; and it is to face us, I understand, unchanged throughout this historical cycle. This is rather a daunting prospect. But it may well be that it will prove more suitable to the other plays than to this one which differs from them considerably in character and feeling.

I say this in defiance of a programme note which informs us that it is "generally agreed that these four plays form a tetralogy, and were planned by Shakespeare as one great play." I am not well enough up in Shakespearean scholarship to deny this categorically. But I will say that however it may be conjectured that the plays were planned, it is surely evident to anyone of sensibility that *Richard II* is in its central scenes absolutely different from the other three. And perhaps, indeed, this gives us the clue to the slight dampness in this production. Does it lie in the attempt to link *Richard II* too decidedly with the quite different plays that follow it? In the person of Richard himself, Shakespeare makes his first step in creating the full length *self-aware* personality, the man who is conscious of his own actions, who watches them and comments on them. This (whether it is the result of later revision or not) marks Richard off from the lively extroverts of the rest of the cycle. He cries out for a different intimacy of treatment; for his poetry should evoke in us an inward intensity of personal feeling as opposed to the generalised feeling, the historical, political, heraldic or hierarchic feelings that the other characters in the cycle evoke. "Richard," the programme note goes on to tell us, "is not only another kind of man: he is another kind of King." True; and the sense in which he was another kind of King is what is emphasised here. But this is at the expense of emphasising that he is also another kind of man. Mr. Redgrave, in fact, is set to play his character, in a sense, *against* the production. The lyricism of his part, which distils the very essence of a sweet adolescent self-pity, is over-shadowed. Mr. Redgrave gives an extremely sensitive and lyric performance and if it doesn't, as it should, absolutely engulf us, isn't this because the production is deliberately designed to see that it does not? And though I think I follow the reason for this—namely to unify the play with those that follow—I cannot feel it to be right. And it is certainly not satisfying.

Besides, in that case—if indeed the historical context is where the emphasis is to lie—then surely the solecism of playing York as a comic is all the more indefensible. "Between the collapse of an old Order and the creation of a new one there is a hiatus. Of this hiatus York is the dramatic embodiment," Mr. Middleton Murry writes in a fascinating section devoted to York in his admirable *Shakespeare*. York is not a kind of Vicar of Bray; he believes in order. The divine right of Kings which Richard embodies is the principle of order on which he has been brought up. But in Richard's person it has produced only disorder. Bolingbroke is a traitor to this principle of order, and yet in his person he does embody order. That is the dilemma of York. And it is by no means a joke. And again it grossly weakens the historical context, if that is what you are aiming at, to cut the whole incident of Aumerle's treachery and York's dash to Bolingbroke to impeach his own son—a cut which incidentally takes out the single forward allusion to Prince Hal.

Mr. Harry Andrews's Bolingbroke makes a fine contrast to Mr. Redgrave's Richard. Grave, dignified and weighty; and Mr. Hugh Griffith's Welsh richly points the prophetic strain in Gaunt's dying speech. Elsewhere he is in danger of dropping the last part of each sentence into inaudibility. It is a mistake, too, I think, to have Richard's minions whimpering neurotically, but all too loudly, on the ground after they are arrested; and let me raise my customary complaint against the Shakespearean clown; the mummersetty gardeners here were a positive parody of this bad old, too-long-dying, convention.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

I FIND a difficulty in writing about Mr. Leonard Cottrell's programme on the training of a jet fighter pilot, *You Have Control*, for I disliked it more than anything I have heard for a long time. Having said that, I realise that it is in itself a testimony in some sense to the programme. I am sure it was a very honest and faithful attempt to reconstruct the training a young air cadet goes through to-day. We followed the progress of two national servicemen in the R.A.F. Both had obviously been prefects: one wins the sword of honour at his Flying Training School and goes on to pilot jets; the other is failed on psychological grounds—to fly modern aircraft it seems you must be the psycho-analytically just man made perfect. Why, then, did I dislike this programme so intensely? Because it resembled nothing so much as the dramatisation, if such a thing can be imagined, of a prep. school prospectus: at any moment one expected to hear the narrator say: "The health, well-being and correct feeding of the pilots are the personal responsibility of the wing-commander's wife, who is herself a state-registered nurse." We were given, in other words, an official view, and the trouble with official views is that they are never quite human. There were, in fact, no human beings at all in the programme, only a number of official prigs and public functionaries, all of whom were frightfully nice, perhaps one should say good types. It was exactly this benevolent inhumanity that made one long for an expression of "the

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minor gestures of dissent." There were indications that one reason for the programme was to reassure parents whose sons wanted to pilot jets: it didn't reassure me. Glamorise the R.A.F. as much as you like, if it is necessary, but don't try to present it as a Jolly Good School. Its whole purpose is to be something entirely different.

It is safe to say that Mr. Cottrell's R.A.F. would never choose Mr. Terence Tiller's latest translation from the medieval Cornish, *The Passion*, for its Easter play. Mr. Tiller, one gathers from his article in the *Radio Times*, had expurgated this miracle play in translation. It remained sickening enough: I must say that I don't relish the noises of flagellation even in passion plays, and I am not at all convinced that this play was worth putting on the air. But Mr. Tiller handled the central problem ingeniously and with tact, and the device of having Christ's words sung, allied with Miss Poston's music, gave the programme a dignity which otherwise it would not have possessed, redeemed it from being largely a representation of sacred sadism.

The advertised *Focus* programme was once again jettisoned, and a highly topical piece of journalism submitted for it. *Focus on La Prensa* was very good indeed. The relation of the early days of the newspaper was fascinating, though it must have struck others beside myself that the philanthropic activities showed commercial astuteness to the point of genius. The background to the suppression was admirably done, and the writer and producer of the programme are to be congratulated on having assembled the voices of so many distinguished journalists to speak on behalf of *La Prensa*, among them the acting editor of the *Manchester Guardian* and the editors of the *Washington Post*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Yorkshire Post*.

Lord David Cecil is a brilliant conversationalist, and his *The Pleasure of the Eye* was a brilliant talk. I would like to hear its thesis discussed by other speakers in the Third, for it seemed to me to throw fresh light, at once obvious and unexpected, on the relation between the artist and his public.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Browning Version," at the Odeon
"Clochemerle," at the London Pavilion

In one respect, at least, this film adaptation of *The Browning Version* has an advantage over the original. Its principal character is brought inescapably close. There may be a hubbub and stinks along the corridor: a hush greets the arrival of the classics master. Nobody gets the better of "old Himmler." How universally appalling have been the Latin verses, how dreadful is the silence over which rasps the tongue of scholastic sarcasm, and even more dreadful, a single belated titter in quite the wrong key! He watches and listens over them, we invigilate over him. Every dry articulation and pause, every stirring behind the spectacles, of this schoolmaster who has attained the rigidity of a lobster, comes to us in the light of a painful clarity. The more established the eternity of the class-room (and it will hold till the last stroke of the hour-bell), the more awful and precise our own judgment. Inevitably, painfully, slowly—a little too slowly, in fact—the mild hideousness of his position grows and grows, until the sympathy that has been longing to sneak out discovers in him, not a Himmler but a mute inglorious Housman. He *had* lived—there's his early version of Aeschylus to prove it; and that, atrociously all these years, he has been living and suffering under cover of his integument, it is the object of the drama to bring out. The rest, almost as familiar by now to those who have not seen the play as to those who have, is very good theatre smoothly transferred to the screen. It can't be pretended that Mr. Rattigan and Mr. Anthony Asquith between them have done more than that. They have translated, they have emphasised and added; no attempt has been made to create something for and of the screen. And within these limits, gaining here and losing there, they succeed pretty well. So unobtrusive is Asquith's direction that we are hardly aware of his part in the collaboration until the final shot of the sunny quadrangle with speech-day groups, a couple of figures running, and some bars of Beethoven: until this point we have been denied the release of music.

Michael Redgrave's performance, on which so much depends, could hardly be, in its way, better. The scrutiny of the camera (the particular contribution of the screen to this affair) reveals not a flaw: he gives away the secret of a locked-in nature with tiny gestures that wound and fascinate, and when emotion comes, not he but his character steps out of himself. So engrossing is this character study, so dramatic its unravelling, that we are willing to overlook quite an amount of artificiality in the cunning that has built up a not uncommon type into a rare monster. There's a certain stiffness not only in the man himself, but in the way the dramatist has spotlighted him, and in the public-school atmosphere surrounding him. That class room with its inhabitants both recalls the real thing and emphasises its distance from it. The same with the boys' talk, dinner at the headmaster's, and speech day: it's all effective enough, but it doesn't quite live. That's only to say that stage conventions can be too literally transferred to the screen, even when they bring with them genuine drama. However, I don't wish to overstress this criticism. One doesn't feel with *The Browning Version* that one more good play has been lost to the box-office: quite the reverse.

Clochemerle, that hurry and scurry about the village pump, is likely to prove as irresistibly gay to English audiences as did *Passport to Pimlico* with Parisians. The monument (apron type) arrives in the square, supported by the inn, denounced from the pulpit, the object at last of scandal, military occupation, and ministerial headaches. One big joke gives rise to innumerable little ones, and some of these I found exceedingly funny: Saturnin Fabre's skit of the haranguing politician at the opening ceremony, for example, and the inn keeper's revenge on the soldiery. In fact the whole thing—a jumble of caricature and horseplay that almost completely misses the lyrical touch of Gabriel Chevallier's novel—seemed to me as refreshingly absurd as it is badly put together. We forgive everything for a laugh, and my idea of a laugh may not be yours. Give me *Clochemerle*: do *not* give me *Harvey*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Intimate Relations", at the Arts

M. Cocteau's brilliantly theatrical *Les Parents Terribles* does not, as the English title implies, reach the English stage in the very best condition. The play itself is a master craftsman's specimen, in which the remarkably versatile Cocteau has suddenly turned and produced a boulevard piece to outdo all boulevard pieces. To the complaint that it is too contrived and mechanical it may be answered that the mechanics and contrivances are part of its pleasure, to be enjoyed as such. They glitter like beautifully turned boxes, each one opening into another. They are meant to dazzle, not to touch. The English cast struggles more manfully than successfully. Indeed at first one seemed to be less in Cocteau's Caravan than somewhere between the pleasant fatuity of *Hay Fever* and the amiable bohemianism of the Sanger family from *The Constant Nymph*. The hysteria and passion on which both the comic intensities and the comic bathos depend seem beyond the reach of most of these actors. But by the end Miss Fay Compton had established something like a complete command over Yvonne; her death scene and the little scene which precedes it, when she feels herself excluded from the family rejoicing, were quite excellent. All the same those who have seen Cocteau's own film version might be wiser to leave it at that.

T. C. W.

"The Happy Family", at the Embassy.

Blundering officialdom is in danger of becoming a well-thumped theatrical Aunt Sally; and the Battle of the Little Man waged by the Lord family because their small but cherished shop is threatened, through an oversight in planning, with demolition to make room for a Festival of Britain approach road, might easily have lapsed into either bogus sententiousness or cheap political partisanship. Mr. Hutton has, in fact, written a brisk, amusing little satire with a neat and congruous ending. Reginald Purdell, in the part of Lord *père*, lacked the ripe fruitiness of the Waterloo Road; but Thora Hird, as Ma, spoke the authentic language of the Cut, while Peter Copley and Tom Gill depicted bureaucracy and the B.B.C. with disarming gusto. *The Happy Family* deserves a West End run if only to prove to our visitors from abroad this summer that England can still laugh at itself.

A. V.

Beth Dean, in an Anthology of Dance and Song, at the Mercury Theatre

No less an authority than Mr. Arnold Haskell assures us that "choreographers and all who love the dance should find a wealth of material" in Miss Beth Dean's versions of Navajo, Maori and Aboriginal dances, and so long as Ruth Draper and Hermione Baddeley are included among "all who love the dance," he is probably right. Indeed, many people will enjoy the bizarre spectacle of this strapping American beauty in the throes of a Maori war dance. Imagine the logical converse—a Maori chieftain dancing Giselle! Like Miss Dunham she interpolates her dance recital with a chatty commentary of some anthropological pretensions. She describes and then demonstrates a dance, that celebrates a three thousand, two hundred mile voyage by seven canoes in A.D. 1350, by flapping her flax skirt at us. We hear all about her fertility symbol, the sweet potato chant and the white Fairies' *pukkika* (the Maoris apparently believed that Europeans were in fact white fairies). Anyone who is even remotely familiar with Polynesian music will find the singing and accompaniment, except for what is played on a gramophone, devoid of the vigour which is the Maoris' pride. Less successful, because they are less authentic, are Miss Dean's choreographic "arrangements" of aboriginal legends. I disliked particularly the jerky antics with which she accompanied the Brolga legends ("Brolga was an aboriginal girl who danced round the camp all day . . ."). Could Thurber do better? Songs by Pergolesi and Scarlatti and Scriabin's preludes incongruously made up the remainder of the programme.

R. J.

PALMA

The kind of harbour that builds its hopes on leisure;
Handsome, like a waster, whose natural gifts
—Here water held out open as a hand—
Spin daylight-dazzle into nights of pleasure.

So imagine a waterfront eyed by cathedral windows,
A shuttle of cars along quays, a windmill;
And sails rinsing out light like a laundry
For a whole island pouched as a pelican's bill.

What is here evident, openly beautiful, is spread
Like a *torero's* cape to attract, to beguile
The green arm of the harbour pledged to hotels,
Whose terraces flash white as teeth in a smile.

And looking one notes the sea, glass-hard
Cut by the diamonds of yachts, the patience
Of fishing boats, cinnamon and citron, with bow-images
Of Jesus glossily unreal as kings on court cards;

The bay itself with steamers obvious as on posters—
All this is doubled at night with lights
Peach-coloured and waxy on water, a port
Punch-drunk with beauty on the oil of coasters.

So one cannot say the harbour here is used,
If using is a means of scraping holds on life;
But rather it distracts the eye, gives penicillin
In the form of sea and palms, or warms us like a wife.

ALAN ROSS

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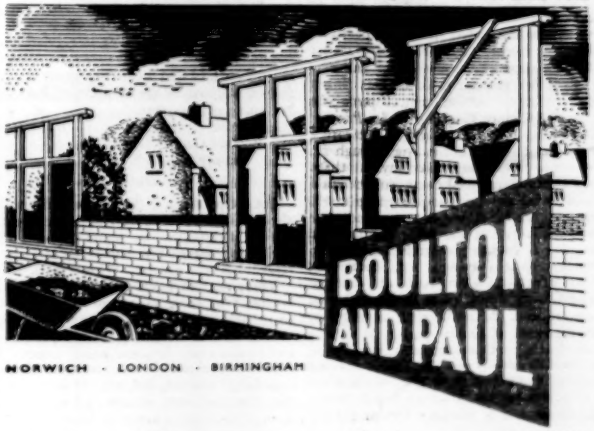

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Correspondence

"KILLING A SCHOOL"

SIR,—In your issue of March 17 a contributor, C. H. Rolph, accuses the London County Council of plotting the destruction of "one of the few remaining openings for London boys whose impecunious parents want them prepared for the universities," the St. Marylebone Grammar School. This School is, in fact, one of some 80 boys' and girls' free-entry Grammar schools maintained or assisted by the Council. This is hardly "few"; and as to "remaining," the number has actually increased. The Council is now building and about to build still more schools where, in time, boys—and girls—will be prepared for the Universities.

It has, indeed, been *planned* that this school shall be rebuilt on a larger scale to comprehend all forms of secondary education—in the London School Plan of 1947; but this particular project has not come before the Council, nor is it expected to do so for the next ten years. But the status of the school must be determined now. It is in a peculiar position; for it is not automatically a County school, not having been established by the County Council; and yet I find difficulty in viewing it as a voluntary school since it is no longer associated with any voluntary body. Had the transfer to the Council taken place after the passage of the 1944 Act, it would necessarily become a County school under the provisions of Section 85. It appears to me that the appropriate status is to be decided upon the merits of the case; and that the appropriate status is voluntary controlled only if the Scheme contains some provision (e.g., concerning denominational education) which could not continue in force under County status. The Schemes for the three schools, in fact, do not contain anything in conflict with the award of County status. It may be that it was not clear to the Governors of St. Marylebone and George Green's schools that they were not being asked to commit themselves to support of the comprehensive principle, but the position was well understood by the Governors of Hackney Downs School.

I think it should be emphasised that the recent decision of the Council to ask the Ministry of Education for these schools to be classified as County schools merely regularises a position which has existed for over forty years, during which they have been treated in all respects as County schools. The Governors have been appointed by the Council in an advisory capacity as in the case of other County schools, with the Education Officer as their Clerk. New headmasters have been appointed by the Council by the same procedure as other county schools. Their finances have been dealt with through the normal Council budgeting and not by way of block grant as with aided schools. In the case of St. Marylebone new buildings in 1925-26 were not only paid for by the Council but were erected by the Council's architect. It is merely proposed to continue the practice of over 40 years standing.

I am afraid that this letter is a little long, but Mr. Rolph's polemic needs some facts in reply. There is nothing peculiar or sinister about the Council's actions. It is merely seeking to regularise an existing position in which some fifty to seventy schools throughout the country find themselves as the result of a legal fashion adopted by the Ministry of Education at the beginning of the century.

R. M. WOOD
Chairman
Education Committee,
London County Council,
County Hall, S.E.1.

SIR,—Opposition to the Comprehensive school there always has been; but, if there be disenchantment among former enthusiasts, we know of none. Moreover, Mr. Rolph implies that jettisoning of Comprehensive schools has been general. What is the actual position?

There are 146 Local Education Authorities in the country; of these not more than a handful have included Comprehensive secondary schools as the general form of secondary education in their development plans; and in some areas—notably London—*quasi*-Comprehensive schools have already been established without, however, as yet, encroaching on the local Grammar schools and without having yet received adequate equipment for the technical branch of their general education. In fact, there is not at present in existence a single Comprehensive school as the advocates of such schools understand the term and as defined by the Minister of Education in Circular 144.

In the case of St. Marylebone there might well be the opportunity for a great exception, though not of the type Mr. Rolph would wish. Let the L.C.C., encouraged and aided by the Minister of Education, expedite considerably the transition contemplated in order to provide the first real Comprehensive school in this country. In such a school there would be ample facilities for Grammar school education, and greater opportunities for all children in the catchment area than is at present provided in separate schools.

It is surely on the new creation that those concerned with the maximum opportunity for children should concentrate, rather than on the expletives in which, in his emotion, Mr. Rolph has indulged.

C. T. SMITH,
Hon. Secretary.
National Association of
Labour Teachers,
6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—Your two correspondents, Mr. Homa and Mr. Reade, may be angry with Mr. C. H. Rolph's article, but their powers of logic fail to convict THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of any unfairness. Mr. Homa calls it misleading to state that he and the Governors of Hackney Downs School hold office for three years only, and then proceeds to say they are appointed every three years. Nothing in the article inferred that they were not eligible for re-election. The fact remains that the opportunity arises every three years for the County Council to dismiss the Governors if it wishes and to pack, as it were, the jury. This disreputable process has not been adopted by the London County Council. But the justice of your contributor's remark may be seen in the fact that the thing actually happened not long ago in a neighbouring County, when, at a school 400 years old, the Governing Board was packed for precisely the same purpose. In this case the vote virtually abolishing the school was quickly reversed by a political change at election.

Is it sane to make of a mature institution of high service a sort of ping-pong ball to pass to and fro over the net of political division? Mr. Homa states that "voluntary" status confers no advantage; your contributor points out truly that the whole difference between voluntary and County status is that the former cannot be merged without Governors' consent; yet it is Mr. Homa who calls your contributor misleading.

Mr. Homa, vociferous about calling a spade a spade, objects to the statement that Hackney Downs "signed on the dotted line." What C. H. Rolph should have said, no doubt, is that Hackney Downs accepted completely the resolution kindly drafted by the London County Council for its ultimate obliteration. An Officer from County Hall, says Mr. Homa, attended to guide the Governors. Apparently this Officer persuaded them that the London County Council was merely removing a technical irregularity. Solely in order not to occupy such an impure position, the London County Council must break Trust Deeds. This argument is surely one of the flimsiest ever produced in public debate. If the Officer succeeded at Hackney Downs with that, one may wonder whether he simply pulled wool over the Governors' eyes, though Mr. Homa may think the phrase unrefined.

In Mr. Reade's unfortunately class-conscious letter, the word *élite* occurs seven times; but the simplest answer to him is that the schools to which your article refers have had as their constant function for many years the provision of good opportunity for poor boys. Can we not follow the lead of your journal in taking a bigger view?

F. KINCHIN-SMITH
34 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

SIR,—I know nothing about the controversy between the L.C.C. and the St. Marylebone Grammar school, except what I have seen in the press, but one sentence in Mr. Rolph's article astounds me. He writes: "As a Grammar school it offers one of the few remaining openings for London boys whose impecunious parents want them prepared for Universities." Does he really think that in spite of its belief in equal educational opportunity, the L.C.C. means, when separate Grammar schools are merged in Comprehensive schools, to prevent any boys and girls from being prepared for a University? Mr. Rolph obviously does not know what a Comprehensive school is. Does he think it is a Secondary Modern school? There may be other reasons and much sympathy for the proposal to keep an existing school intact, but not these advanced by Mr. Rolph.

SHENA B. SIMON
Manchester 20.

SIR,—C. H. Rolph gives the impression that pupils attending Comprehensive schools are not prepared for University entrance. This is not so. Children are prepared in the same way as they would be if they were attending an ordinary Grammar school.

The main argument against Comprehensive schools in this country is that they are not comprehensive but multilateral. In a properly Comprehensive school each child has its own time-table and is in a different group for each subject, according to its ability in that particular subject and not on its general ability. A multilateral school merely means the housing of three types of education—Grammar, Technical and Secondary Modern—in one building. This is very much worse than the old system of having each department as a separate school, for it creates a tremendous number of human and social problems and solves few.

One school in the country which is Comprehensive within its own Grammar school sphere is Taunton School, Southampton, where the proportion of staff to pupils is more generous than the normal Local Education Authority can afford.

The so-called Comprehensive school about which I know most allows little academic freedom to its pupils. Compulsory subjects for general certificate include physics and chemistry (not even physics with chemistry) and gives, as choices, French or mathematics, history or geography, etc.

I doubt whether other Comprehensive schools implement this academic distortion, but they all, to some extent, flourish on public deceit by calling themselves "Comprehensive."

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COLLINS

U.S. OPINION

SIR,—I have just spent some weeks in the United States as a guest of the State Department under the Smith-Mundt programme for the exchange of leaders and specialists. No strings whatever were attached to my visit. I planned my own itinerary and it was left to me to decide whom I should meet. I talked to the President and senior officials in the State Department and Pentagon; interviewed Senator Taft and other Republican leaders; spent an evening with Mr. Lippmann; and discussed Mr. Hearst with three of his editors in California. I hope this list, which is far from complete, at least suggests I was after a balanced education.

I went to America predisposed to believe that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S anxiety about U.S. policies and opinion was well-founded. I felt, Sir, that you were a shade strident; but I took you seriously. Travelling 7,000 miles round the country, I looked everywhere for corroboration. I did not want to let you down. I have come back with these strong impressions:

(1) Only a tiny fringe of political lunatics would stomach a preventive war against Russia. Their influence in Washington roughly corresponds to that of Britain's Social Credit party on Mr. Gaitskell.

(2) The same eccentric fringe would like to throw atom bombs and U.N. armies at China. Their influence—but I will not labour the point.

(3) A small group of China Lobbyists, with very loud voices, would like to put Chiang back on the mainland. Their influence is somewhat greater: it approximates to that of the Lord's Day Observance Society on Mr. Morrison. One of them, Senator Knowland of California, warned me that if Britain, India, etc. refused to play ball in the Far East, the U.S. would seriously have to consider leaving the United Nations. I put this up to people in Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas and New York. "Are you," they asked with two exceptions, "kidding?"

(4) There is, however, a widespread feeling that Britain should take another look at the character of its trade with Peking.

(5) American public opinion has little to be ashamed of in its attitude to the Korean war. It believes this is the sort of thing the United Nations is intended for. It has (I beg you not to dismiss this) no strategic interest in Korea; yet it is prepared to accept a casualty list of 50,000. This, Sir, is starry-eyed idealism of an intensity which few of us over here have felt since Abyssinia.

(6) Formosa is something else. When he is not starry-eyed (which is seldom), the American likes to be smart. Formosa was a smart political move which most Americans now regret. They take the view, however, that it is strategically unsound to hand over territory to an enemy in the middle of a war.

(7) Americans love peace. Just like us. It is as simple as that. In your issue of March 10 you define your "enemy" as "MacArthurism and the Luce and Hearst press." I wish, Sir, you would stick to that and not foist the sins of MacArthur (who, not without top-level design, now has a Ridgway on his hands), of *Time* and *Life* (which are looked on as amusing light reading) and of Hearst (who carries no weight at all) upon the people of the United States.

Bristol Evening Post. DOUGLAS CLARK
London Editor.

[Reference to this letter is made on the front page of this issue.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—The fundamental question of Professor Cole's first letter has not yet been answered. The question is: At what point must a Socialist who seeks to remain steadfast to his principles condemn the policies of his country, and if necessary advocate opposition to these policies, actively or passively?

The answer is fairly simple. A Socialist must oppose his country's policies directly in proportion to their disregard of the carrying out of Socialist principles.

The Socialist will not accept *carte blanche* either the rigid, inflexible foreign policy of the Russians or the vacillating, imperialistic policy of the United States. He is pledged to a policy of social evolutionism at whose summit is the Socialist State. Any other policy he must reject. There is, however, another point which is crucial for the Socialist. Although he is against aggressors and aggression in any form, he should make a fundamental distinction between aggression and revolution. Aggression is the lawless attack of one country against another: e.g., Nazi Germany against Poland and Czechoslovakia, etc. Revolution, on the other hand, which is confined to one country, has its origins in the discontentment of one class against another. Whereas aggression of one country against another is condemned by all Socialists, social revolution under certain conditions can be justified. The American revolution was acclaimed by all clear-thinking Americans of that period. Jefferson, Paine, Thoreau, Emerson all saw that revolution is justified under certain conditions.

We Socialists have ardently hoped that Britain would be able to resolve the differences which exist between the capitalist and the Communist world. By a force which is neither Communist nor capitalist we believed that she could bring harmony to this world of two conflicting ideologies. We have not seen the fulfilment of this policy. Instead, we have seen her step by step resign her leadership to the blatantly imperialist policies of the U.S. By acquiescing in the aggressive policy of General MacArthur, England has lost much of her moral leadership in the world. To follow the *status quo* policy of the U.S. would be as much a fault as to follow the Communist policy of the U.S.S.R. The more England resigns herself to and follows the policy of the U.S., the more will imperialism be able to spread discontent over the world.

If Britain continues to follow the policy of the United States, she will no longer command the respect of the great body of Socialists in the world to-day.

ALBERT LECOEUR

SIR,—Can any of your readers dispel my political bewilderment? As a young art student towards the end of the first World War, I read the *Herald* in the Underground, hiding it before I reached my Liberal home. Lansbury, Brailsford, Evelyn Sharpe and so many other writers opened a new horizon for me. The Labour Party seemed to offer my youthful enthusiasm an opportunity for service in the cause of Peace and internationalism. For thirty years I have believed, both in Local Government and in National Politics, that the Labour Party, with all its obvious shortcomings, was the channel through which we could attain fairer conditions at home and, above all, Peace. But to-day, if those of us who are in our fifties and have lived through two horrible wars, utter the thoughts we learnt from the Labour leaders of 1917, the local Labour Parties of to-day are shocked and say frankly that there is no room for such as we in the Labour Party. Where is there room for us? If we complain of the present tendency of the Labour Government to decontrol and institute, instead, rationing by the purse, we are told that we should be in the C.P. If we talk of Peace and the iniquity of slaughtering human beings in war, we are to join the C.P.—if we are not accused of being already secret members of it. But the C.P. has no use for independent-minded Socialists like us.

Is there *nothing* we can do? Must we accept, as Professor Cole appears to, that all we can do is to put our beliefs in writing? Are there so few of us that no party can offer us an organisation through which we can work together for real Socialism? Are there so few of us that we cannot *create* the organisation for ourselves?

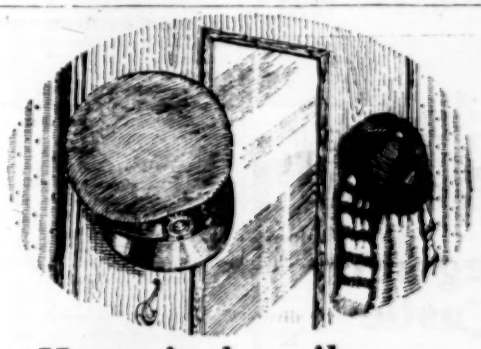
URSULA RIDLEY

West Hoathly Manor, Sussex.

TWO FRENCHMEN

SIR,—I have always much admired Mr. Alexander Werth's reports on French politics, and was all the more surprised to notice the curious confusion of mind in his remarks about my book on Laval and de Gaulle, *Two Frenchmen*.

Of course the Resistance movement in France, as Mr. Werth says, was to a large extent a Left-wing



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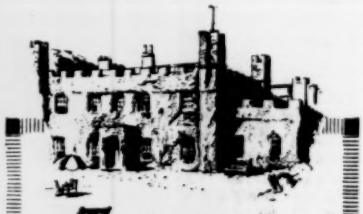

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movement; though I think that the stereotype labels of "Left" and "Right" should be used of the situation in 1944–5 with even greater caution than usual. And of course de Gaulle was accepted by most of it, immediately after liberation, as "a symbol of national unity." I was suggesting that—given a different attitude on the part of de Gaulle at that moment—"the supporters of Vichy in its policy of obstructionism and the supporters of de Gaulle in his policy of resistance might have come to see some little merit in each other." Why, then, should Mr. Werth say that this would have meant "the two branches of the extreme Right in France" ganging-up together to impose on France "an authoritarian semi-Fascist regime of their own making?" He admits that I did not say this: and I didn't for the good reason that it would not have made sense to say it. De Gaulle, as Mr. Werth points out, did not then represent "the extreme Right"; nor did many of the thousands of victims of the prolonged "purge" which was carried out so vigorously under the auspices of de Gaulle's provisional governments. What I was suggesting was that de Gaulle had a magic moment of opportunity, when he might have lent the whole weight of his unique—but relatively short-lived—authority to a policy of reconciliation instead of futile recrimination. Does Mr. Werth think he did this? If not, does it not imply—as I suggested—a supreme opportunity missed? It is merely silly to say that of the two men I "clearly prefer Laval." It is like saying you "prefer" roast beef to good wine: I find both interesting and important.

Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. DAVID THOMSON

CHEHOV

SIR,—In his discussion of my book on Chehov, Mr. V. S. Pritchett objects to my approach as "pedestrian." If this depressing-sounding adjective is applied to me because I avoid the sort of vague literary waffle exemplified in Mr. Pritchett's review, then I willingly plead guilty. Mr. Pritchett calls Chehov a "poet" and a "water-colourist" (although Chehov himself violently and specifically objected to such descriptions). He tells us that Russian literature lacks "highly individualised richness," such as, in the literature of the West, "comes from" the "huge pressure of tradition." This, if it means anything at all, is completely indefensible in terms of fact—and, again, is precisely the sort of thing which aroused in Chehov himself a mood of weary exasperation. It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that an author must inevitably be criticised in accordance with the literary canons which he himself accepts. But in this particular case there was surely a crying need—not for yet more criticism of the "poet," "water-colourist" and "richness" variety (of which there is plenty already)—but rather for an attempt, such as I have made in my book, to rescue Chehov from this school of criticism. RONALD HINGLEY

London University, W.C.1.

WILLIAM POEL

SIR,—In view of Mr. John Allen's letter stating that he is writing a life of William Poel, it may be as well to record that the Society for Theatre Research has already commissioned Mr. Robert Speaight to prepare a biographical and critical study of Poel for publication in 1952 in celebration of the centenary of his birth.

This work is being undertaken in association with the executors of the late Mrs. Poel, who have made available for this purpose all William Poel's correspondence in their possession, together with his invaluable prompt-books.

BERTRAM SHUTTLEWORTH
Society for Theatre Research, *Hon. Secretary.*
7 Ashburnham Mansions, S.W.10.

BARDS

SIR,—Did it not occur to your critic who visited *Kiss Me Kate*, and who commented on it so dampingly in this week's issue, that he was hearing the latest compositions of probably the best light song writer of the century? That the general public both in Britain and America (his tunes are whistled also from Egypt to Bangalore) is aware of this, and flocks to the box office for precisely this reason? That to write a melody as good as "I'll be true to you, darling" or even a less publicised one such as "We open in Venice" is as hard as writing a string quartet and takes the same type of musical brilliance but in another sphere? That in the production of such a number as "Too Darn'd Hot" there is enough vitality to draw audiences who will applaud enthusiastically for months, just because this vitality is what they need in the musical theatre? Your critic's parting shot betrays his ignorance of the true standards of musical theatre. Cole Porter's contribution, he says, can be enjoyed outside the theatre. Therein lies the greatest misunderstanding of light songs to-day. There is eight times as much to be gained from taking a seat and watching a good theatre song than in hearing it over the radio, and it is because your critic imagines that "he has done his prep." by listening to a few discs that he fails to find any inspiration when he takes his stall. As for his long paragraph about whether or not we English can take Shakespeare guyed, has it not occurred to him that if Shakespeare was a bard to the 16th-century English, Cole Porter is a bard to the 20th-century Americans, for all that one was a playwright and appears on the Home and Third, and the other a mere song writer and thus exists on the Light? Incidentally they are both poets "in their fashion." DONALD SWANN

POETRY FROM HERTFORDSHIRE

SIR,—I am editing a series of County Anthologies starting with "*Poetry From Hertfordshire*," and would be grateful for any information concerning poets of the past and contributions from living poets who are either Hertfordshire born, or have written poetry while living in Hertfordshire, e.g., George Chapman, William Cowper, Charles Lamb, Peter Quennell, Charles Madge, Terrance Hards, Charles Williams, Thomas à Beckett, Francis Bacon, Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Beach Thomas, Edward Young, Juliana Berners, Thomas Campion.

All MSS should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Simple folk poetry and ballads are especially welcome.

Bell's Wood Bayford, Hertford. LYNETTE ROBERTS

TAXES ON FOOD PARCELS

SIR,—May I draw the attention of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers to the latest example of callousness on the part of the authorities in Greece, whose attitude towards the families of prisoners is already generally known to them?

During the past eighteen months since I returned from Greece, I have been sending parcels of food and clothes to my mother-in-law regularly each month, so that she could send food and clothes to her two imprisoned sons.

In her latest letter she informs me that whereas formerly she was required to pay only 6,000 drachmas at the Post Office for each parcel received, ten times that sum and more is being demanded of her for the last two parcels which have arrived. The 100,000 drachmas demanded of her for the one parcel represents a quarter of her total monthly income, including the money which I am able to send her. Yet these parcels contain secondhand clothes only and a small amount of food.

One can hardly believe that the Athens regime seriously believes it is threatened by the clothes and food parcels sent to its political opponents "from outside," but can only conclude that it is determined to see innocent wives and children of prisoners starve rather than allow them to receive any relief from their friends in Britain.

Twickenham. BETTY AMBATIELOS

PRIMROSE PATH

SIR,—The Tories, after a prolonged period of fasting, have resorted to zealous and importunate Prayers. In doing so may they not be taking the *Primrose* path to the everlasting bonfire of democracy?

I. N. CAMP

SO THEY SAY . . .

"Autolycus" is on holiday. His feature will be resumed next week.

Books in General

Lucien Leuwen is a political novel, a novel about the effects of the class war upon manners and sensibility, about " the grand dispute which saddens the 19th century—the rage of rank against merit " ; and, one might add, the rage of merit against mediocrity. It is a novel which startles by its frequent contemporary note, and a first English translation by H. L. R. Edwards under the title of *The Green Huntsman** is very welcome indeed. The book was begun in 1834 and written very fast at Civita Vecchia when the weather was not too hot. Stendhal was French consul. He was 51, a hard-working official, bored and disillusioned. He put the novel aside in 1836 and for one reason and another never finished or revised it and withheld it from publication because it contained contemptuous criticism of the regime that employed him. He could not afford to quarrel with his bread and butter and ironically foresaw the stupidity of the censorship. The present translation, though a shade Gallic here and there, is admirable ; it crisply transmutes the hard, clear, nonchalant prose of Stendahl with its faint smell of gunpowder—the duellist's pistol has just gone off. The hardness is more noticeable in this novel than in his others because, as he said, it is still " an ossature " ; revision would have cut the excess of detail, the flesh and the smile, as he said, would have been put on the skeleton. The book breaks naturally into two parts and Mr. Edwards has given us so far the first part only. It contains Lucien's life in the garrison at Nancy, his love affair with Madame Chastellar and ends with the grotesque episode which broke the affair and sent Lucien galloping back heartbroken to his mother in Paris. The second part, which takes the reader inside the cynical French political machine under Louis Philippe and the farce of a provincial election under the new democratic system, is to follow.

" Character of this work : exact chemistry : I describe with exactitude what others indicate with a vague and eloquent phrase." So in his notes Stendhal described the method of *The Green Huntsman*. The poetry was to be in the chemistry. Science and *logique*—and *logique* was surely petulance in disguise, as it so often is in men whose good sense really comes out of the pain of an old wound—ought to define what a man's attitude to the world was and to propound what it ought to be. This central preoccupation of Stendhal's is personal and egotistical : uprooted from his own class, gifted, ambitious but without means or rank, and with an absolute division in his nature, Stendhal begins from an imaginary blank sheet to find out what " a superior man " can make of himself in a world hostile to high feeling. And so all his novels have the critical tone of experiments in autobiography. They are, more watchfully than in other novelists, the lives of possible selves. Detached writers are often more truly sensitive to the spirit of their time than the committed : revolution, war and *coup d'état* left him energetically disgusted. He became indifferent. What did persist with him was the sense of campaign : his psychology is generalship.

There have been a great many novels about what politics are about, but their writers have had little knowledge of politics in themselves. Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Dickens, Zola, show us the social dramas ; to Stendhal the social drama is chiefly the nourishment of politicians and, like some zoological keeper, he shows them to us at the feeding time. The soldiers, who had once fought with Napoleon, are reduced to the political trough, too. It is true that in *The Green Huntsman* we are shown all this through the eyes of a young man who has the innocence of the very rich and that Stendhal's object is to show a young man learning his lesson, not about politics, but about life. But it will not be the kind of lesson that young radicals were taught by the English novelists of the 19th century : Lucien will not end by acquiring " sound " political beliefs. His one abiding political belief is the love of liberty ; but the only concrete notion is negative : to turn the army upon the workers is a degradation and a crime. Still, the working classes have hardly come into the political picture and for all his hatred of tyranny Stendhal is in a very similar situation to Voltaire's whom he hated. Lucien will end by giving up politics altogether. If he retains a kind of sneaking affection for one or two Republicans it is because personally they are energetic and mad ; America, their promised land—the Russia of our time—will seem to him a sink of mediocrity and human indecency. What, then, will Lucien learn ? That the highest life is beyond politics. It lies even beyond personal relationships—as Mr. Turnell pointed out in his study of *La Chartreuse de Parme*. It is revealed at the height of love, in reverie and contemplation.

Lucien Leuwen is, as Mr. Edwards says, a milder figure than the working-class Julien Sorel or the aristocratic Fabrice. Lucien's amiable father has been too civilised, too sagacious and too good at affairs. He is a figure of the 18th century ; the son is at sea before such an admirable parent who can unobtrusively arrange everything from a box full of opera girls to an under-secretaryship. The 19th-century son requires difficulty, duty, conscience, puritan energy ; he wants, above all, to keep his hands clean. His fatal disadvantage is wealth ; it will take years, Stendhal points out, for Lucien to live that down. Lucien is a charming but conceited young prig, a hopeless mixture of ingenuousness and arrogance, premature worldliness and tongue-tied inexperience ; absurd calculation and self-consciousness are combined with sudden affectability and spirit. In short he is a masterly model of the Young Man, in the drawing of whom Stendhal, to my mind, excels all novelists. Lucien, prickly with vanity and throwing his weight about as a young lieutenant in Nancy, practising irony, hauteur and frigidity in the mess, is engaging because he is almost unbearable. He is a charming, impossible puppy. We see him heroically giving up his money and deciding on exile : very fine, very spirited—but will he bring it off, we wonder, and in any case what precisely does he want to bring off ? Here, the scientific observation of Stendhal comes in : Lucien is not a hero, he is the complete, intelligent, wealthy young man of the period ; and no doubt a day-dream of imaginary autobiography. " Suppose I had loved my father and had been rich : how then would I have dealt with the fundamental issue of life—freedom ! " so one can imagine Stendhal's thought.

The brilliant part of the book is the statement of the political situation in Nancy and of the plight of an unpopular army in a society that snubs them or hates them. Each character is planted in his political pot. When the rich young officer of the new army comes into the drawing rooms of the " ultra " aristocracy, the young ex-officers of the old regime hang round, drooping and posing with airs of aggressive and calculated futility. When the Prefect sells a horse we see a young man just shot up into office by the new regime, arrogant, timid, and still learning what face to put on while one is feathering one's nest. The older soldiers who have seen the great campaigns and who have known what *La gloire* is, are wonderful artistic onions ; peel off the top skin of political caution, peel off the next skin of military anecdote, and the next to find the man who will accept a tip or a case of liqueurs—and underneath one finds, at last, the puzzled, rancorous, bewildered human being. All these portraits are rich and marked by Stendhalian minuteness—" a face already crinkled with envy." The aristocrats, carefully listed, are not all of a piece ; Stendhal has caught all the moves of a coterie isolated and drying up in a futile class-hatred of the government.

He is equally pointed in his observation of the bourgeoisie. Class-hatred had insulated the classes in Nancy and their outline is therefore clearer. The bourgeois who shouts his opinions almost verbatim from his newspaper is excellent, and so is Mlle Sylvanie, the shopkeeper's daughter and bourgeois beauty :

> A statue of Juno, copied from the antique by a modern artist : both subtlety and simplicity are lacking ; the lines are massive, but it's a Germanic freshness. Big hands, big feet, very regular features and plenty of coyness, all of which conceals a too obvious pride. And these people are put off by the pride of ladies in good Society ! Lucien was especially struck by her backward tosses of the head, which were full of vulgar nobility and were evidently meant to recall the dowry of a hundred thousand crowns.

This is a portrait done with irony, but without hatred ; there is envy in Stendhal, a good deal of it always, but it is the envy of the outsider, of the observer, for the planted human being. Lucien may be snobbish about Mlle Sylvanie, but that other passionate, wilder part of Stendhal knows that she is life.

The most interesting portrait is of Dr. du Poirier, the brilliant intriguing demagogue of humble parentage, the non-stop talker and political agent who has got the aristocracy in the palm of his hands. Here talent and vulgarity, quickness and naivety, intelligence and a touch of careerism are wonderfully mixed. Vanity makes him think he can turn Lucien into an " ultra " ; Lucien plays with him—

* *The Green Huntsman, Vol. 1.* By Stendhal. Translated by H. L. R. Edwards. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

a shade too maturely, I think, for a young man —and then, when du Poirier sees it, he brings his profound roguery to bear. Du Poirier is responsible for Lucien's disaster and for the most improbable scene which causes him to break with Madame Chastellar. It is said that Stendhal was nervous about this grotesque episode. It seems to me that novelists who are as detached as Stendhal was, run two major risks: dryness and a failure of judgment when they come to the grotesque and bizarre. Only a wild and minor Elizabethan dramatist—or perhaps a Richardson—could have brought off this scene, wherein the lady is supposed to be in childbirth and a false child is brought in.

The loves of Lucien and Madame Chastellar are a mild but not wooden business. Stendhal is an expert in the hesitations, the misunderstandings, the trembling moments, the sudden meltings, freezings of love and—most baffling of all—its complete disappearance at the height of a love affair; but while we must recognise the master's hand, we must also be surprised by his refusal to give the lovers their heads and make them more interesting. Truthfulness has, of course, won, as it usually does with him; we are witnessing, I suppose, a classical case of love conceived in vanity or self-interest and which, owing to the inexperience of the parties, is likely to side-slip into confusion. Because he has the absurd incident of the false childbirth up his sleeve, Stendhal's "humour"—one suspects he called it "English humour"—holds him back. One cannot, however, judge the affair as a whole, for the novel was never completed; one can only say that in a dozen small moments the touch and the comedy of the lovers' conversations are exquisite. For Lucien the affair is one more terrible political test. Stendhal mocks at his first response.

> The suspicion that he was in love had filled him with shame; he felt degraded.

He feels not only that initial fear which is the sign of love (since conscience is everything in this young man) but another dread:

> "What a disgrace," suddenly exclaimed the opposite side of love. "What a disgrace for a man who has worshipped duty and his country with a devotion which he could call sincere! Now he has eyes for nothing but a little provincial legitimist, furnished with a soul which basely prefers the private interests of her caste, to those of all France. Soon, no doubt, following her example, I shall place the happiness of two hundred thousand nobles . . . before that of the other 30 million Frenchmen. My chief reason will be that these privileged two hundred thousand have more elegant drawing rooms . . . in a word, drawing rooms that are useful for my private happiness."

This double context in which Lucien's feelings are placed is characteristic of Stendhal's genius. There is always, in his novels, the extra dimension. This is Stendhal's version of the sense of general law upon which all the great French novelists have built, and which distinguishes them from those of other countries. They are the lawyers of the passions. Dry Stendhal often is, but his clear experiments in human chemistry give us the exhilarating illusion that we have, for a glittering moment, seen what life is composed of before it becomes our daily bewilderment.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SYDNEY SMITH

Sydney Smith. By GERALD BULLETT. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Sydney Smith has been handed down to posterity as a great comedian. During the first half of the nineteenth century the arrival at a fashionable London party of a stout gentleman, with a shock of white hair, three double chins and an enormous stomach, in the ludicrous costume of a clergyman, would produce a ripple of chuckling anticipation. Everyone present knew for certain that within a few minutes that comical mouth, shaped like an oyster, would open to make them all die with laughter. No professional entertainer—not George Robey, a century later, in the part of an equally improbable clergyman—was ever more sure of an appreciative audience. After the party the company would disperse home, where they would try to embalm the evening's fun in private diaries and correspondence. But by then the bouquet of the jokes had evaporated and only the bare bones remained for the record: the essence of Smith's comic genius was volatile. Even Tom Moore, who made it his business to memorise the *bons mots* of his day, was defeated. After Luttrell "you remember what good things he said"; but after Smith "you merely remember how much you laughed."

Still, it is impossible to reduce one's wife and children for an hour a day to helpless laughter, to force trained domestic servants to leave the room in hysterics and to send a Scottish Judge rolling along the floor in a paroxysm, without leaving some evidence of how it was done. Compilers have set to work, and have collected from contemporary sources enough of Smith's comic utterances to fill a sizable volume and to give some inkling of his humorous technique. The best and most recent of these compendiums is that of Mr. Hesketh Pearson, who seasoned his stock of anecdotes with amusing biographical details: *The Smith of Smiths*, published in 1934 and recently reprinted, provides a treasury of irresistible fun for those who only want to chuckle over the fat old Canon of St. Paul's.

Mr. Bullett wishes us to take the Reverend Sydney Smith more seriously: we ought to consider his philosophy of life as well as his jokes. Politically, in an age when politics were of prime importance to a clergyman's advancement, he was supposed to be a Whig. But he was always too much of an individualist to toe any party line; and, when the Whigs eventually came to power with the Reform Bill, he had forfeited his claim to a bishopric by his sturdy independence. The views he publicly expressed in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review* and elsewhere were those of a controversial liberal-minded man, not afraid to hold an unpopular opinion, and determined to challenge the abuse of power and privilege wherever he met it. In the selection from his writings, re-published by Mr. Bullett, attacks on the savagery of the Game Laws, cruelty in public schools, the fanaticism of sabbatarians and the habit of locking doors on the Great Western Railway are nicely balanced by pleas on behalf of Catholic Emancipation, Electoral Reform and the education of women. To the problems of life he applied a kind heart and a hard head—and the hard-headed characteristic that he most prized was the power to recognise the limits of safe knowledge and not to carry speculation into the uncertain future. "Take short views" was the first article in his creed; "hope for the best" the second; and "trust in God" a bad third, only to be called upon as a last resource.

One of Sydney Smith's unpopular opinions, for which Mr. Bullett has unfortunately found no space, was his confirmed pacifism: he held "just and necessary wars" in abomination, from his observation during the Napoleonic campaigns that the evil of war was immediate whereas the supposed benefits were always indefinitely postponed. One of his letters on the subject is so appropriate to our modern dilemma that I cannot resist quoting it, to rectify Mr. Bullett's omission. It was written to Lady Grey in 1823, at the time when all the "Liberals" in England were burning to intervene in Spain.

> "For God's sake do not drag me into another war . . . . I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Baghdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Tibet is not comfortable. No war, dear Lady Grey! No eloquence! But apathy, selfishness common sense, arithmetic! If there is another war, life will not be worth having.

For the short biography which he attaches to his extracts from Smith Mr. Bullett has not found much new material. (Two of Smith's note-books have come to light, but the material they contain appears trivial, to judge by the printed quotations.) Sydney's father, Robert Smith, belonged to that paternal genus, which, by its unbridled mischief, drives its unhappy sons away to independence and renown: English Literature is largely indebted to such rogue elephant fathers. As soon as Sydney won a fellowship at Oxford, his father cast him off; and the final quarrel came when Sydney married, because of his "selfishness" in so tying up his wife's money that his own father could not get at it. Sydney's brothers escaped father by sailing to India to make their fortunes.

The married life of the young couple started in Edinburgh, where Sydney was tutoring the sons of the aristocracy, launching the *Edinburgh Review*, and convulsing his friends with laughter. But his wife soon persuaded him to apply his social gifts to London. In 1804 he came South, entered Holland House and fixed his destiny as an indispensable adjunct to fashionable dinner-parties. Two periods of comparative rustication were to follow, when, as a clergyman, he was obliged to absent himself awhile from "the great parallelogram of Mayfair" to attend to his country parishes. After 1831, when Lord Grey appointed him to a Canonry at St. Paul's, his dining-out suffered no interruption until his death fourteen years later: he suffered from gout and corpulence, but he always enjoyed an excellent digestion.

At the age of 66, acting on the principle of "the short view," Sydney Smith thought it time to prepare himself for death. Being a methodical man he entered in his note-book his grounds for hoping for the best. He makes no mention of trust in God, nor of the sum total of gaiety he had contributed to mankind in his lifetime. The catalogue runs in the simplest terms. "It must come some time or another. It has come to all greater, better and wiser than me. I have lived 66 years. I have brought up my family. I have seen all that is worth seeing. It would only be the same thing over again. I have done very little harm in the world." Few men could say as much as that.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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Birds and Men. By E. M. NICHOLSON. *Collins.* 21*s.*

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Nature Interlude: A BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY QUOTATIONS. Compiled by E. F. LINSSEN. *Williams & Norgate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Deer and Their Management. By G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD. *Country Life.* 84*s.*

Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, in his Foreword to *Nature Interlude*, asks us to consider the gap that yawns between the poet and the scientist. Yet in the midst of the gap he finds common ground, in that both poet and scientist may be naturalists. Leaving the poet out of the question, it might have been more interesting to distinguish between the naturalist and the scientist. The scientist, in any case, is supposed to be objective and impersonal; and, though he need not be a philosophic materialist, he must, in the present climate of opinion, press a purely mechanical interpretation of the universe to its very limits.

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The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

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II POETS AND THEIR PHILOSOPHIES Meyrick H. Carré, M.A.

III THE VIRTUE OF THE ACT AND THE VIRTUE OF THE AGENT. A. N. Prior, M.A.

IV PLATO AS POET (II). John Hartland-Swann, B.Litt., Ph.D.

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The naturalist, on the other hand, need not conceal himself—except when he is bird-watching—and he may possess and even exercise a sense of wonder. He is also probably an amateur. Scientists and their attitude are new to the world, whereas Adam himself was the first naturalist.

The authors of these five books are all, in their different degrees, naturalists. Mr. Nicholson is, perhaps, the most scientific. His book is from first to last both a popular account of birds and a valuable contribution to ornithology. He was, of course, helped by his subject—the relationship between birds and man—but even so it might have been treated dryly, severely, not without jargon, as a mere problem in ecology. In point of fact he writes clearly and with enthusiasm—not to say sometimes with emotion.

Like that eccentric but good naturalist Charles Waterton, Mr. Nicholson is against cats—and he thinks there may be nearly 14 million cats in England. These, he says, "reduce and keep down the number of song-birds. Even more unfortunate is their influence in depriving us of the pleasure of increasingly tame and approachable garden birds." And he speaks of birds killed by cats as "victims to one of the more unpleasant and painful forms of death," as being subjected to "the greatest cruelty." This is, surely, to betray extravagant emotion. The feline technique may vary from cat to cat, but no cat plays with a bird as it plays with a mouse. Still, if Mr. Nicholson were not a passionate bird-lover he would not have written so good a book.

Flamingo City is also most attractively written:

> The sun blazed from a cloudless sky, and its heat was such that I could almost *hear* it. Horizons were unreal—flickering phantoms of mirage—and the goats and sheep were taking refuge under the shade of the hanging tamarisks. Where a line of white poplars fringed the road, an oriole was fluting his melodious whistle, himself concealed, as always, in the upper canopy.

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Later Mr. Yeates managed to photograph that rare and golden oriole. He calls it a red-letter day. But, as he says, "let the rubric for its successor be in capitals. For it is certain that never again in my birding days can I hope to have greater cause to remember the date." On this day—it was June the 7th, 1947—he saw for the first time "the greatest spectacle in all the world of birds," a vast colony of flamingos nesting.

This is indeed an uncommon sight. The flamingo is, apparently, unique among birds in that it nests only at irregular and unpredictable intervals. Mr. Yeates's colony was in the Rhone estuary, and this was the first time that flamingos had been observed breeding in Europe since 1883. The total number of occasions on which their nesting habits have been watched anywhere in the world could be counted on the fingers of one hand; and so great was Mr. Yeates's luck that he witnessed the same event at the same place in the following year. His writing and his photography rose well to the occasion.

Mr. William Beebe is a very famous naturalist. He is also a practised word-painter, a conscious stylist—a shade self-conscious:

> After twelve hours of moon and starlight, or just plain tropic night, Maracay prepares for its age-old morning shift. Before the first hint of day, a white ghost glides past, a barn owl, close and almost luminous against the black sky. There comes an instant thrill of wonder at this personal manifestation, of smug satisfaction at this special Beebe show; then counter-consciousness of being a veriest interloper, a creature of embryonic newness.

Mr. Beebe was in the Venezuelan jungle where there is a biological laboratory equipped on the full American scale. His book contains, as he says, "the substance rather than the essence" of several expeditions carried out with the maximum of comfort and enjoyment—very different from those of Bates and Wallace in the difficult days of last century. It contains many interesting and entertaining accounts of South American birds and insects; and, like *Birds and Men* and *Flamingo City*, it is illustrated with a series of accomplished photographs—though Mr. Beebe's photographs tend to be more sophisticated than natural-history photographs usually are, perhaps than they ought to be.

Mr. Linssen's book is made up of a collection of short passages—often only a line or half a line—whose object, according to the introduction, is to act as "sign-posts," "opening up new worlds in literature and natural history." Whether it will do anything of the sort is doubtful. To begin with, it is badly documented. A misquoted verse passage under the heading "Insects" is attributed merely to "Brooke"—without his Christian name or date. Nor does any Brooke occur in the defective index. A proper "sign-post" here might have directed the curious reader to one of the few genuinely philosophic poems in English—Henry Brooke's *Universal Beauty*, of 1735. Another longish passage is simply labelled "Opian," with no date and no reference to the translator. Judging by the style, it is from William Diaper's version of Opian's *Halieutica*, published in 1722. Linneus, Ovid, Crabbe, Fabre, are as ill served, though it matters less because they are better known.

As to sign-posts to natural history, in the section on trees the only reference under the heading "Ash" is to the Mountain Ash—a plant belonging to a different natural order from the Ash. In fact, the book is a poor one—from its meaningless title to its mean typography. A better book could have been compiled by looking up the key-words in the Oxford Book of Quotations and copying out the relevant entries.

Deer and their Management is a monument raised with scholarly piety and bitterness to the great deer parks of the past. At the end of last century there were about four hundred deer parks in England. Now there are only a hundred and forty-three. As an enthusiast, though an exasperated one, Mr. Whitehead writes with despairing praise of "those owners who, despite heavy taxation, have thought fit to preserve the rightful inhabitants of an English landscape that is fast being disfigured by the plough, Forestry Commission or National Coal Board." His book deals with the history of the deer parks, the natural history of the various breeds of deer, with their diseases and afflictions, and it gives a census of all the existing deer in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

The photographs in this imposing, and imposingly priced, book are rather pleasantly the sort that one might have taken oneself.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

STEFANOS SARAFIS

Greek Resistance Army: The Story of ELAS. By GENERAL STEFANOS SARAFIS, with a foreword by Compton Mackenzie. *Birch Books.* 5s.

Stefanos Sarafis, a regular officer of the Greek Army who became the commander-in-chief of ELAS, was the only outstanding partisan leader of the last war who was not a Communist, and who afterwards felt himself, accordingly, free to set down on paper what part he himself played in those years. The only comparable document is Vladimir Dedijer's diary of the partisan movement in Yugoslavia; but Dedijer took no part in policy decisions at the top—either within the partisan movement or *vis-à-vis* the outside world—as Sarafis did; and his memoirs are by that much the less valuable. *Greek Resistance Army* is the story of ELAS, the army of the Greek guerillas, from the inside; and everyone who studies the history of guerilla warfare or the politics of Greece will have to read it. For a full savouring of its tense modesty and almost painful restraint, this book needs to be set beside C. M. Woodhouse's *Apple of Discord*, which gives, with notably less attention to these qualities, the orthodox British side of the case.

Not being interested in romanticising himself or the dangers through which he passed, Sarafis makes few concessions to readability (and his translator seems, if possible, to make even less); but takes one boldly through a tangle of marching and counter-marching that soon bores and bewilders. But this desert of partisan warfare is worth crossing for the oases of information about ELAS and the British that flourish there. Sarafis saw it all from the beginning. Having participated in the abortive Venizelist revolution of 1935, he passed the years before the war in exile, was prevented with other Republican officers from defending his country against Mussolini, and, after the defeat and the arrival of the Germans, hung about in Athens until the beginning of 1943, when he went up into the hills to mobilise guerillas. Others, and among them the Left wing, were before him; in the Spring of 1943, after several months wasted in trying to persuade dubious regular officers to work and fight together, Sarafis declared himself for ELAS, and was appointed their military commander. His narrative shows that this was the natural and logical development for an honest soldier who really wanted to fight the Germans and Italians.

An especial value of this book lies in the insight it affords into the reasons why ELAS failed. Sarafis found ELAS in early 1943

> a nation-wide organisation, loved by the people and with tremendous strength and power which, if the politicians and professional soldiers would only support it, might develop into a unique resistance movement and draw to itself everything in the country which was sound and honest.

Less than two years later, when the British landed in Greece on the tail of the retreating Germans, ELAS was admitted to be in control of every part of Greece not actually occupied by the Germans, except for Athens where the British were in strength. Yet the "politicians and professional soldiers"—with a few honourable exceptions—had not supported it, but had preferred to remain idle or in hiding, or to join the British-sponsored and British-paid "National bands" of Zervas and other pseudo-resisters. Throughout its brief life ELAS had to contend not only with the political insufficiencies of EAM and the crudities of many of its own members, but also and above all with the treachery and

irreducible hostility of Zervas and other Right-wing commanders, and with the determination of the British that ELAS and its political parent, EAM, should not survive the war.

As the war drew to a close, the British intensified their efforts to make something presentable out of Right-wing guerilla formations such as EDES (paid with countless golden sovereigns); they cut off supplies from ELAS, and persisted in this discrimination even after the Caserta agreement. Little by little, ELAS found itself driven into an attitude of hostility towards the British; then came General Scobie and the British occupation, the united Government of EAM and the Right-wing parties broke down over the refusal of Papandreou and his like to disband Right-wing formations such as the Mountain Brigade which were imported from the Middle East—or to give ELAS fuller military representation—and civil war began. Of course there had been excesses and cruelties by ELAS as well as by the others: what stands out most clearly and lamentably is that EAM and ELAS were driven into an extreme position by the determination of the British—for strategic reasons of Empire—to destroy them as a political force.

"Anybody who reads this record of events during the Greek resistance," writes Mr. Compton Mackenzie in a foreword, "must feel that this soldier always obeyed his conscience and will never recant." It is a just comment. Arrested in 1946 without charge, General Sarafis was deported to Icaria; he was then sentenced to a year's exile on the island of Serifos—a sentence passed by the Attica Security Committee in secret session; in 1948, still without trial or remote prospect of trial, Sarafis was handcuffed and taken to the evil place of Makronessos; from there, after much maltreatment, he was sent in 1950 to a fourth island prison, Aghios Evstratios off the coast of Athos, where he now is. Three charges were prepared against him, but each was dropped for lack of evidence: nevertheless, the Athens Government has clearly no intention of ever releasing him. It is to be hoped that this bald and honest tale of the brave and patriotic "crimes" of ELAS and its leaders—at one time a glory of the United Nations—will do something to stir a wider interest in the fate of Sarafis and his many fellow-prisoners.

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The Art of J. S. Bach. By A. E. F. DICKINSON. *Hinrichsen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Music of Gustav Holst. By IMOGEN HOLST. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

Egon Wellesz and Arnold Schoenberg are both composers, near-contemporaries brought up in Mahler's Vienna; and to some extent each of their volumes is an *apologia pro musica sua*, culminating in an exposition of its writer's work. What they say about music of the past must be read in relation to their own creative practice. When Schoenberg, talking about Brahms, lays down a principle which he says regulated his own musical thinking, he makes it clear at the same time that "this is no critique of classic music—it merely presents my personal artistic code of honor." Similarly, Dr. Wellesz's essays reflect his life as a musician. He started as an opera historian, studying Gluck's reforms and then baroque opera in Vienna. When he began to compose he was convinced "that in order to renew the Austrian operatic tradition I had to go back to this new line of Gluck's." Dr. Wellesz regards Gluck both as an innovator and as the last composer in the Austrian baroque tradition. This tradition is the subject of five interesting essays, which include detailed recreations of Cesti's festival opera *Il pomo d'oro* and a *balletto a cavallo*, both written for the wedding festivities of Leopold I and Margareta Theresia—resplendent productions, the second of which, with its opera, stripped the treasury so bare that no troops could be sent to repel a Turkish invasion of Hungary.

For the general reader the core of the book lies in the next three essays, lectures given in London in 1933. Here Dr. Wellesz surveys opera as an art-form historically, reaching the conclusion that the heroic structure is "the only means of checking the process of disintegration which can be seen at work in the last few decades, and of re-awakening the feeling for scale in art." Accepting by implication Schiller's valuation of the theatre as a moral institution from which flows the spiritual inspiration of a nation, he believes the representation of the *hero* to be the most important function of dramatic art. The discourses are enlivened with *aperçus* and anecdote—a discussion with Hofmannsthal, for instance, about why the ending of *Rosenkavalier* is more successful than that of *Frau ohne Schatten*. Finally, in accounts of *Alkestis* and *Der Opferung des Gefangenen*, Dr. Wellesz shows how he embodied his beliefs in actual works.

Schoenberg's collection of essays, *Style and Idea*, also leaves an impression of dedicated seriousness, of a composer faithfully working out his inspirations. *Idea* he defines as "the totality of a piece; the idea which its creator wanted to present." It is best presented in what he calls "musical prose," without sensuous irrelevancies. "One, Dr. X," who said that Schoenberg did not care for "sound," is scorned: "more mature minds resist the temptation to become intoxicated by colors and prefer to be coldly convinced by the transparency of clear-cut ideas." Though this seem very snow-broth, Schoenberg can be warm when he champions Mahler; and his essay on "Brahms the Progressive" sheds unexpected light both on its subject and its author. His account of "Composition with twelve tones" should be read by everyone, for it is the author's only exposition in English of his system.

What *Style and Idea* and Hermann Scherchen's *The Nature of Music* have in common is a discussion of inspiration. They both point out thematic unities in the greatest detail. Mgr. Knox has discovered the Royal authorship of *In Memoriam* no more ingeniously than Schoenberg the relation between the two themes of his *Kammersymphonie*; and Scherchen finds anagrams of B.A.C.H. as early as the third fugue of the *Kunst der Fuge* (the wedge-like sound of those four notes drives through any texture, backwards or forwards). "Whether this device [transmogrifications of *Muss er sein?*] was used consciously by Beethoven does not matter at all," says Schoenberg. "From my own experience I know that it can also be a subconsciously received gift from the Supreme Commander." And Scherchen agrees that art is creative only by an interplay of consciousness and intuition.

His book is divided into three parts, the first examining the acoustic origins of the twelve well-tempered tones with which Schoenberg composes, the second displaying their organisation in a perfect art-form (*Vor deinen Thron*), the third discussing Beethoven's intensification of their possible uses. In an argument difficult at times to follow he analyses the acoustic basis of æsthetics, propounded fully for the first time in the seventeenth century by Joseph Sauveur, a deaf-mute. His aim is to show how sounds were used and united in ever more elaborate and expressive ways. Coming from so eminent a conductor, what he says about Beethoven's treatment of instruments is particularly interesting. Both his book and Schoenberg's are extremely well provided with musical illustrations.

Mr. Dickinson's *The Art of J. S. Bach* brings us back to the world of English redbrick. He is surely too much determined that we do not accept unthinkingly all the master wrote. Where Scherchen declared that "when the first instrument begins the six-voice ricercare from Bach's

Company Meeting

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THE 22nd annual general meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Limited, was held on 21st March, 1951, in London.

Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G. (the Governor), in the course of his speech, said: This is the first meeting and presentation of accounts since the Company was reconstructed following the distribution of compensation received for the nationalisation of the telegraph part of your business. The results of the year are generally agreed to be eminently satisfactory. I feel, and I hope you will agree, that the accounts now before you show that we have already gone far towards achieving all that we promised when the directors' proposals for the reorganisation of the Company's capital were put before you. When I last addressed you I should have been thought rash indeed to have forecast that it would be possible to declare a dividend of 6 per cent. within so short a period of nine months, although it is the dividend which I hoped would be possible, and which everyone of us, directors, officials and staff, have striven hard to achieve. This I think can be prudently done and at least be maintained in the foreseeable future.

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The report was adopted and at the subsequent Extraordinary General Meeting the proposed new Articles of Association were approved.

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Musical Offering all chance solutions are silenced". Mr. Dickinson says: "Very little is made of the possibilities of six-part fugue, though there are some striking harmonic sequences which . . . might have come in almost any C minor fugue." It is "thematically diffuse, and prolonged by extemporary episode, not resourceful treatment." Though we may all feel at times that some work or other of Bach's is a bore, we can hardly allow that the St. John Passion is rough and incoherent, neither musically nor dramatically a whole. Bach the intriguer is presented more clearly than Bach the devout. But all the same, this is a conscientious and complete handbook, going systematically through all the works, and laying sensible stress on actual performance.

Imogen Holst's book on her father's music forms a companion to her earlier life of him; and a most distinguished commentary it is. She has, of course, sympathetic knowledge of the circumstances attending the creation of each work; but she is ruthless as well as witty in pointing out the failures. The processional entry of the Princess in *The Perfect Fool*, for instance, comes "straight out of a Morley College bank-holiday celebration." But the rare beauties of his works—the Princess's music at the end of the same opera, or *Egdon Heath*—are justly appraised; and in the flawed works good and bad are distinguished with sure discrimination. Holst was a composer who seemed to create difficulties for himself. "Possibly his two worst failings," says his daughter, "were an over-intellectual approach and a naive obstinacy." Yet he is a living influence in the English tradition, and this book provides an admirable assessment of his achievement.

ANDREW PORTER

NEW NOVELS

The Beast of the Haitian Hills. By PHILIPPE TOBY-MARCELIN and PIERRE MARCELIN. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

But the Morning Will Come. By C. R. SUMNER. *Macdonald.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Season in England. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Beast of the Haitian Hills, which originally appeared in French under the title of *La Bête de Musseau*, has a far stronger flavour than either of this week's other two novels. A rich, syrupy potion, its ingredients consist of rum and molasses mixed with cock's blood and stirred with a leaf or two of henbane. Such a brew is likely to leave the reader with a psychic trauma rather than a mental hangover.

The story is of an educated mulatto of Port-au-Prince who decides, his young wife having just died in childbirth, that he will fulfil a lifelong ambition and move out into the country as a planter. He buys a house and land in the village of Musseau and settles down to grow manioc and sweet potatoes. Dutilleul is a self-conscious city cultivator, an "idealistic town dweller poetically dreaming from afar of the beauties of rural life." Not only does he come to hate his superstitious, poverty-stricken neighbours for not being the noble savages of his imagination, but he is altogether mistaken as to the local *dei agrestes*. The villagers, while paying lip-service to the Catholicism Dutilleul has long ago renounced, are wholly given up to Voodoo. Like some figure of Greek tragedy, the mulatto becomes devoured by *hubris*. Self-remorse over his drunkenness and infidelities to his dead wife inevitably lead him to offend against human and supernatural taboos alike. He fences off a public spring on his property, cuts down a tree sacred to the all-powerful Legba and incurs the hatred of the local black magic terrorist. Atavism and the pressure of mass hysteria gradually force him out of his emancipated pose and he returns, a frightened man, to the city, only to be hounded to death by the Cigouave, the howling beast with phosphorescent eyes and burning breath that his enemy has conjured up in his imagination.

Summarised in this way, the narrative seems bald enough. Its skill lies in the dramatisation of primitive passions and even more in the way Dutilleul's own personality is presented against the racial and communal background. Dutilleul is a half-caste European, a colonial *homme moyen sensuel*. Yet, in face of what Mr. Edmund Wilson, in an admirable introduction, calls "the contagion of myth," he disintegrates and falls a victim to suggestive sorcery. And not to sorcery only. For, as Wilson points out, "the beast is something more than a bugaboo with which the witch doctor scares the planter: it is the bad conscience of the man he scares. This ex-grocer has been worried by a feeling of guilt at the death of his wife . . . a retribution from the African forest awaits at Musseau the free thinker in whom has been inculcated in childhood the Catholic doctrine of sin . . . This is the real beast and in the end it will track him down."

Despite its economy of style, the book has a lyrical descriptive quality. The reader feels as though he has been set down in a *paysage damné*, that he is viewing one of those landscapes of nightmare beauty evoked by the nineteenth-century French poets. The central horror is ever present, but it is stylised, shaped in mythical conventions which must be accepted if they are to be fully effective. When Dutilleul's maid is seized with lycanthropy, she takes her master for the evil Baron Samedi and in her delirium sees him "wearing that spirit's picturesque clothing—his old threadbare frock coat, high opera hat, smoked glasses and the cane." The ensuing rape, while horrific enough, is unlike anything in European macabre literature. It is as though James Branch Cabell had taken to writing for Grand Guignol:

> "Ai! Don't do that to me, Baron dear!" Sinette pleaded. "Just let me fly! I know very well that I must devour seven little infants before break of dawn. . . . Oh! Look what the Baron is doing to me! . . . Ai-ai! Leave me alone, Baron dear. Go away! Don't, please! . . ."
>
> But all the while she begged the spirit not to violate her, Sinette avidly fluttered in the arms of Morin Dutilleul. And he felt an inexpressible voluptuousness in possessing a woman who was possessed. And what was more, he found new vigour and a juvenile pride in holding a werewolf who did him the signal honour of mistaking him for the most powerful and most formidable Baron Samedi, so that in the end it seemed to him that he truly incarnated that divinity.

Mrs. Sumner is the author of *Quality*, the novel dealing with the Negro problem, on which the film *Pinky* was based. Her new book is set well below the Mason-Dixon line, and the usual properties—black mammies, magnolia blossom and dark secrets hid in letters tied in faded ribbon—tend to crowd out the canvas. The narrator a young girl who has married into one of those old Louisiana families with a heap of Southern pride, a declining bank balance and an outsized skeleton in the cupboard. In this case, the skeleton is a coloured grandmother. There are the familiar stock plantation figures—Minerva the Negress cook, a mad, sad mother-in-law tucked away in a room upstairs and Aunt Kate, a decayed Southern belle with a mind as tight-laced as her corsets. There is also a young radical schoolteacher who pairs off with Bentley after the death of her unsympathetic husband, and a fearsome intellectual called Miss Stockbridge who drives round the country in a pony cart making notes for a thesis on black-white relations. To Bentley, Miss Stockbridge is "a bit of yeast, stirring, working." To the reader, she is just a consummate old windbag whose pseudo-sociological outpourings are no better for being cloaked in a delusively brusque and hearty manner.

But the Morning Will Come is obviously a sincere attempt to deal with a major problem, but, like all propagandist fiction, everything is appallingly simplified, and one occasionally feels that Mrs. Sumner's characters may be divided into those who have and have not read Jefferson. The book is not helped by its cinematic prose style which is less suited to the printed page than to a lush Technicolor "fade in":

> Why is one day set apart from the rest when you look back into your life? What makes one day stand out vivid and arresting as if a wind blew in from the vast subconscious reaches, riffling through the old year's calendar to pin back one page before the mind's eye?

The chief defect of *A Season in England* is that it contains plenty of cupboard but no skeleton. With his accustomed competence, Mr. Newby leads us towards an overwhelming question and then neatly avoids answering it; or, rather, explains it away airily as a mere mental mirage. A don returns to England from Cairo on leave to visit the apparently "starchy" parents of a dead colleague who has neglected to inform them of his marriage. At first, we sympathise with Passmore's attachment to the Nashes, feeling that the author has achieved that rare feat of fictional characterisation, an original and cliché-less old couple. Gradually, as the story proceeds, and incident after incident piles up without any corresponding development of theme, it begins to dawn on us that Mr. and Mrs. Nash are a bogus pair, bent on a kind of "double-act" of truculent old-world charm. Once out of their emotional clutches, the reader only remains interested in seeing whether Mr. Newby will fulfil the promise of his earlier chapters and present him with a big psychological surprise.

That he fails to do so is due to a misplaced piece of ingenuity that defeats its own ends. The Nashes have not, we discover, been ultra-possessive parents. There has been no silver cord attaching Guy, the dead husband, to his father and mother and whatever moral failure has occurred, has been on his side rather than theirs. This discovery, while a welcome reversal of the usual Freudian pattern, misfires as a *dénouement*. For such a theme to be convincing, Guy's personality would need to be thoroughly explored and Passmore and Guy's wife, Renée, (both central but exceptionally dull characters in the book) would have to be relegated to the role of chorus.

JOHN RAYMOND

CORRECTION

The End of The Corridor by Michael Meyer, reviewed among our New Novels last week is published by Collins not by Phœnix House.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,101

Set by David Higham

In a recent issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, a reviewer described a book as "a cross between a poor man's Hardy and a very poor man's *War and Peace*." The usual prizes are offered for an extract not exceeding 200 words from a novel which could be described as one of the following: A rentier's Kipps; a sportsman's Graham Greene; a Stakhanovite's Proust; a peer's Hemingway; a rotarian's Jane Austen. Entries by April 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,098

Set by J. B. Roderic

Three topics have been debated simultaneously in the correspondence columns of *The Times*: the firelighting qualities of newspapers; the Cockney transposition of V and W; and the origin and comfort of clerical dog-collars. The usual prizes are offered for the letter that successfully disposes of all three topics at one go. Limit, 200 words.

Report by J. B. Roderic

In setting this competition I could not suppress a sneaking hope that someone would also work in a reference to the Oldest Living Etonian for good measure. No luck: but the entries reached a gratifyingly high standard in meeting all reasonable demands—that the subjects should be linked, however preposterously, that due regard should be paid to plausibility. There was a fine crop of endearing irrelevancies ("I myself have used them, when ski-ing at Zermatt and St. Moritz"—M. Atkins: "He died some weeks later while reading *Culture and Anarchy*

in the precincts"—Holzig). The most effective were those which viewed all three topics in the light of one obsessive view, tracing dog-collars, *Times*-burning and interchanged V's and W's as evidence of capitalist oppression, Papist influence, insufficient tea-drinking, or excessive bodily effluvia. Three such take prizes of one-and-a-half guineas each; half a guinea each to the next three printed. Commended: Holzig, M. Atkins, H. E. Wells, Cyril Bibby, Robert Murray, John Welch, Paul Dehn, Ferniades.

SIR,—Those of your readers who possess any sense of history must have been appalled by the uninformed opinions expressed recently.

The clerical dog-collar is an anachronism which originated before dialectical materialism replaced sin; it was the respectable alternative to the hair shirt; it provided necessary support to the ever growing and descending chins of God's favoured ministers, and thus served, for them, a practical as well as a religious purpose.

During the Great Plague, when the well-to-do left London, many workers, who carried on despite prospects of utter annihilation, formed a resistance movement; the code for recognition of fellow members was transposition of V's and W's. Returning Londoners quickly copied this signal of the staunch, undaunted workers; its use to-day commemorates an epic advance in the class struggle.

The capitalist press determines that newspapers are available cheaply, and though the news is often distorted, the quality of the paper is most suitable for fire-lighting. In contrast the shiny magazines are unburnable, but are only bought by that class of society which can afford gas pokers.

Let us hope that in the future less of your space will be devoted to fruitless academic discussion.

PETER RANTELL

SIR,—All roads lead to Rome and many things come from thence.

The V-W confusion is the direct result of the Roman occupation. They could never make up their minds which was which.

The dog (or Roman) collar originates in the latter-day "Roman" invasion and the Jesuitical habit of facing both ways.

As for this concern with the combustible properties of printed matter—where have we always found the greatest alacrity in lighting fires and the greatest zeal for destroying the means of popular enlightenment and information? H. J. R.

SIR,—Your correspondents do not appear to realise the significance of the number two, the most sacred of numbers because the one which proves that oneness is not all. Traces of its worship are found in religion and folklore all over the world. For instance, it was customary for the priest to wear not one collar (the most vital part of the dress because it encircles the neck) but *two*; it was only later that the two collars, of which one of course opened at the front and one at the back, were conventionalised for convenience' sake into the present round collar with no apparent opening. Similarly, the people of London, preserving mysterics long forgotten elsewhere, regarded V and W as indistinguishable, W being but *two* V's juxtaposed. Finally, it was inevitable that the greatest of oracles, the *Thunderer*, for whose prophecies in earlier days not one penny was paid, but *two*, should be regarded as most sacred and so made impervious to the sacrificial fire to which the others were committed. (No doubt its suitability for use on the kitchen table has some association with primitive altars.)

J. C. B. DATE

SIR,—This series of questions can only be dealt with upon a moral basis.

First, no upright man will suffer discomfort or inconvenience from the wearing of a clerical collar.

As to newspapers: *The Times* will not burn nor, clearly, will its readers in the hereafter. But anyone appearing in the *News of the World* . . . !

The transposition of the consonants V and W is as simply understood by the observant and travelled individual.

I once had occasion to travel abroad. I found that I was required to accommodate myself in part of a railway train properly labelled "Waggon," although slightly misspelled and ignorantly pronounced by the natives "VargonLee."

We are all, unfortunately, aware of the distressing trend towards Continentalism among the lower orders. Clearly this transposition is a foreign habit acquired by the Cockneys from abroad in company with other lax moral standards.

JOHN JEREMY NYM (Rural Dean of Blimp).
(Name of author, please)

SIR,—When I was a whippersnapper in Worcestershire, I remember that the paper then called the *Thunderer*—now the *Cracklar*—was in great demand in clerical households. After perusal of its pages the vide margin could be used folded over to cover the harshness of the true celluloid clerical collar. A more extraordinary use which I observed from a point of vantage in Vantage on W-J day was the use of this journal as a stuffing for an archidiaconal gaiter, rounding a calf worn thin by asceticism, for the text in the personal column showed when the wearer bent over to pick up his valet's vallet. In the economical household it could then be put, granted the weather had been dry, to its final use, viz. as a fire-lighter.

I have not encountered in this part of the country any instances of the strange substitution, mentioned by some of your readers, of a W for a V and a V for a W.

V. VILLIE-VINKIN
SQUADRON LEADER J. F. POWELL

SIR,—The Cockney confusion of V and W—obviously of Germanic origin—is presumably due to the influence of the Hanseatic traders whose "factory" to the east of Aldgate Pump (known as the Steelyard) was not finally dismantled till the beginning of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the oldest example of this curious transposition is to be found among the muniments of the company of which I have the honour to be a liveryman; for we possess what is almost certainly a unique Shakespearean Quarto, in which *A Winter's Tale* appears as *A Vintner's Tale!*

That the perversions of truth printed in the course of this and other recent correspondence have failed to set your paper alight effectively disposes of its claim to be good for kindling fires. For political and ethical reasons I myself use THE NEW STATESMAN, kindly provided by my verger, whose daughter is at the London School of Economics. It burns with an uncertain reddish flame and clouds of dense smoke.

But why devote precious newsprint to a purpose for which the clerical collar, with its Romish origin and celluloid composition, is so eminently suited?

CITY RECTOR. J. P. STEVENSON

CHESS: Bishops Unfrocked

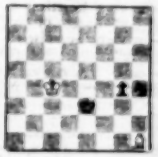
No. 78

Most of us know from bitter experience how quickly a Bishop, unceremoniously locked up by the first step of an enemy KtP, can be punished for the greed of snatching a RP out of its start-square. In the endgame, though, we generally take it for granted that a Bishop lording it over his long diagonal should well be able to cope with a solitary enemy Pawn who, merely supported by a Knight, has yet to cross that diagonal. Certainly Dr. Staudte (a German master) thought so when, playing White, he found himself in this position. He considered it a hopeless draw, but playing in a handicap tournament against a much weaker opponent he felt in duty bound to try for a win and hazarded Kt-Kt6, countering B-Kt7 with Kt-B8 ch. If Black had now played (2) . . . . K-K3, he would have got a draw.

(3) P-Kt6	B-R1	(6) K-Kt8	K-Kt4
(4) Kt-Q6	K-Q4	(7) K-R7	K-B3
(5) Kt-Kt7	K-B5	(8) Kt-Q8 ch	K-Kt4!

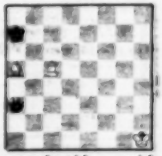
(8) . . . . K-B4 would obviously be a mistake as White could win by (9) Kt-K6 ch, followed by Kt-B7 and Kt-Q5. However, since Black blundered even earlier by (2) . . . . K-K1. White won easily by (3) P-Kt6, B-R1, (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-K2, (5) Kt-Kt7.

It was only in the post-mortem analysis that Staudte found he could have won more deservedly by following the pattern of this ending, unknown to him when he played his game. It occurred in the Pyrmont tournament of 1949, and Black was forcibly by (1) . . . K-B7, (2) K-Q4, Kt-Kt7, (3) K-K4, K-Kt8, (4) K-B5, Kt-K6 ch, etc.



In this week's competition, A—White to play and draw—was a prize-winner in a study tourney held in Czechoslovakia in memory of Richard Reti. It is a rather precise and instructive little piece. 5 points should be a fair rating.

A: W. Halberstadt, 1949



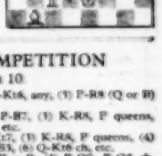
As for B, this is also a draw with a neatly surprising twist. I wonder if I am overrating it with 7 points.

But C—White to win—is probably underrated with 8 ladder-points. It was a prize-winner in a Soviet study competition, and by way of a useful hint I might add that, to comply with a special demand of that competition the study includes two lines resulting in mate on two different squares in the middle of the board.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 9.

B: G. Bernhardt, 1951

C: M. S. Liburkin, 1933



REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 10

A: (1) P x B (Kt), K x Kt. (2) Kt-Kt6, any, (3) P-R8 (Q or B) mate.

B: (1) P-Kt6, P-B6, (2) P-Kt7, P-B7, (3) K-R8, P queens, (4) P queens, ch K any, (5) Q-B7 ch, etc.
If (1) . . . P-Kt6, (2) P-Kt7, P-Kt7, (3) K-R8, P queens, (4) P queens ch, K any, (5) Q-B2 ch, K-B3, (6) Q-Kt6 ch, etc.

C: (1) P-K7, B-Kt1, (2) P-K8, B x P, (3) B-Q7, B-Q1 ch, (4) K-R4, B x P, (5) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt2, (6) B-Q5 and it is either stalemate or White continues to oppose the B at B4 or Kt6 respectively.

Most competitors took these three in their stride. One or two duals for **A** were given full marks, and with a good many perfectly correct solutions to choose from, the week's prizes (augmented by the last third of the vouchers unawarded three weeks ago) can be shared by some of those who have rarely if ever appeared in a prize list—C. Allen, E. W. Carmichael, J. H. Frankland, A. J. Head, A. Schneider.

In last week's **A** a printer's error has reversed the White P on KK12 and the White R on KKt7.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Assistant Head of Drama, Television Service. The Incumbent of this post will be responsible for ensuring that the detailed output from the Television Drama Department conforms to the Corporation's standards and meets the requirement made upon it by the Television Service. Duties of the post include: (a) Advising on the actual productions which make for balanced programmes and on the potential output of the department; (b) the allocation and supervision of the work of the Drama Producers and Script Readers/Adaptors; (c) the development of Television Drama production methods; (d) the general administration of the Department. Candidates should have had considerable practical experience in the field of Drama either in the theatre, films or radio; experience in all three would, of course, be an advantage. The ability to control staff and to administer the work of the Department is essential. The appointment will be made on a three-year special contract (with possibilities of extension) at a fixed salary normally between £1,300 and £1,500 per annum, but may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.H.D." Tel. N.Sim., within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship or Lectureship in Mathematics. Applications are invited for an appointment to the Teaching Staff of the Department of Mathematics. The successful applicant will be classified according to qualifications and experience as Senior Lecturer or Lecturer. The salary of the Senior Lecturer is in the range £1,050-£1,300 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment with annual increments of £50, and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The salary of a Lecturer is in the range £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, with annual increments of £50, and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as early as practicable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 21, 1951.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects and (d) Miscellaneous (including Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). No vacancies exist at present for Biologists. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on 1st August, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The minimum salary scale (men) is £230—£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3008. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received not later than July 31, 1951.

TUBERCULOSIS. The London County Council invites applications from persons possessing the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or the Social Worker's Certificate of one of the recognised schools of sociology, and who have practical experience in social work, for appointment in the Public Health Department as Lower Tuberculosis Care Organiser, for duty at the Greenwich Chest Clinic, Maze Hill, S.E.10. The scale of salary is £400 × £25—£500 and the person appointed will be required to carry out the social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Office, St. Paul's House, Deptford High St., S.E.8, and the forms should be returned not later than April 7, 1951. (288)

EXPERIENCED case worker with university qualifications required to establish and direct new case work agency under Hull Council of Social Service. The underlying purpose of the agency is to further fundamental thinking both on case work and training of students. Salary £550-£50-£650 (pensionable). Flat may be available. Further particulars from the Chairman, Hull Council of Social Service, Department of Social Studies, University College, Hull.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Classics. The salary scale is £550 × £25—£800 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance; at present £208 per annum for a married man and £80 per annum for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Ability to lecture on classical art and archæology will be a recommendation. Applications and testimonials must be submitted in triplicate. Two copies of the application must reach the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment is obtainable) by May 30, 1951, and the other copy sent direct to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, South Africa, by the same date.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second-class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers, £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary-Librarian to the Percival David Foundation of Chinese Art, which is to open shortly in association with the School. Candidates should preferably be graduates or possess qualifications in librarianship. Ability to type-write essential. Knowledge of committee work, accounts and experience in library work will be a recommendation. Salary on the scale £500-£25-£650 in accordance with experience and qualifications with membership of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applications on forms obtainable from the Secretary of the School should be submitted by April 14, 1951.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Assistant at a salary of £450 a year. Candidates should have had training in both Economics and Statistics and be required to undertake research upon the Wool Trade. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than April 16.

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee. Youth Club Leader required in April, 1951, for a mixed club at Beccles, with its own premises. Candidates must be of good educational standard, and have had previous experience of club work. Preference will be given to trained leaders. Salary scale for qualified leaders—Burnham scale for Assistant Teachers. Men: £300 × £15—£555. Women: £270 × £12—£444. Plus allowance for graduates. Applications, with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Forms of application may be obtained on request.

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates, preferably in Science, Textiles or Economics, for the position of Lecturer in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Lecturers are required on various aspects of wool in all types of schools, training colleges and clubs throughout the country. Lectures are illustrated with film-strips and the work entails considerable mid-week travelling. Training will be given after appointment. Salary from £440 (men) and £400 (women), with superannuation (after qualifying period), subsistence allowance and first-class travelling expenses. Applications should be made to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LABOUR Member of Parliament requires full-time Secretary. Must be thoroughly competent shorthand-typist, to work in the House of Commons. Box 2447.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington, Housing Department. Appointment of Estates Centres Organiser. Applications are invited from persons not less than 21 years of age for the permanent appointment of Estates Centres Organiser. The salary for the position will be in accordance with Grade A.P.T.II (£420 per annum × £15 to £465 per annum) plus London "weighting," and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the National Joint Council Conditions of Service, except in regard to hours of duty, and of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The duties attaching to the position will be for the supervision of the community centres on the Council's housing estates and the co-ordination of the educational, recreational and social activities of the communities. Candidates must have had sound experience of social activity work generally and in particular in the organisation and supervision of community centres, including the necessary administrative work connected therewith. The possession of appropriate qualifications will be considered an advantage. Application should be made on a form to be obtained from the Housing Manager, Housing Department, 220/225 Upper St., N.1 (enclosing a stamped addressed envelope), to whom it should be returned to arrive not later than April 12, 1951. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper Street, Islington, N.1.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. County Welfare Department. Haddon Hospital, Bakewell. The above is being opened shortly for the temporary accommodation in family units of homeless mothers and children (approximately 60 persons in all) and applications are invited from married couples for the appointment of Warden and Matron. Warden, £360-£15-£420. Matron: Salary £270-£15-£330. A house, furnished if necessary, will be provided, together with light and fuel, for which a charge will be made. The majority of the families to be accommodated might be described as "problem cases" and applicants should have had experience in social welfare work and be prepared to devote themselves to the rehabilitation in the widest sense of those families. The appointments are superannuable and the successful candidates will be required to undergo a medical examination. Further details of the duties of the appointments and Forms of Application can be obtained from the County Welfare Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.—D. G. Gilman, Clerk of the Council.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women for appointment as resident assistant (domestic) Bursar responsible to the Bursar for the domestic administration, including catering at Woolstrop Hall, a secondary boarding school for 200 boys, probably rising to 300, near Ipswich. Experience and training in institutional management essential. Annual salary £300 × £15—£360, with an addition of £30 per annum, plus free board, lodging and laundry. Application form and further details from The Education Officer (EO Estab.6D 195), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (298.)

THE Council for Education in World Citizenship (an Organisation of the United Nations Association) invites applications for the position of Youth Officer. Candidates must have an interest in international affairs and experience of youth club work; school teaching experience an advantage. Salary £350 per annum. Form and particulars from the United Nations Association, 25 Charles Street, London, W.1, on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Rendcomb College, near Cirencester. A Bachelor master is required in September to teach Latin to G.C.E. advanced standard and also some English. The school is changing to Rugger next season and it is hoped to appoint a man who will be interested to be in charge of the change-over. Burnham Scale with certain residential emoluments and possible additional allowance. Government pension scheme. Apply Headmaster.

STAFF (single) required for vegetarian co-educational school. Graduate Master for general subjects and Diction. Experienced Matron with knowledge of nature cure methods. Educated Handyman for maintenance, able drive car. Box 2120.

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HOUSEMOTHER or father reqd. for small hostel school. Also cook. Salary £200 p.a. less res. emol. Individual applicants (or flat might suit married couple, or mother & child). Hever Warren School, Hever, Kent.

SECRETARY with initiative and first-class knowledge of shorthand typing, good education, required by important Jewish organisation. Interesting and responsible position. Box 2371.

ADAPTABLE young man with some typing, book-keeping and some Italian for interesting job London office. Travel Italy later. Excpt. prospects. Write details, inc. salary. Box 2632, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

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PERSONAL

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LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

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SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre. Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd Season. Evenings, 7.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.

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UNITY. EUS. 5191. Revue "Here Goes." Weds. to Sats., 7.30, until April 29. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

FIRST Production in English of Alfred de Musset's gayest Comedy, "The Candlestick," newly translated by Thomas Walton. Tavistock Rep. Co. at their Christchurch Studio Theatre, 156a Albany St., N.W.1. Tues. April 3-8 (inc.), 7.30 p.m. Mems. only. 3s. 6d., 2s. Season's membership, 2s. 6d. Ring EUS. 7185 after 7 p.m. or write application now.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., April 1, 7.30. "L'Ange de la Nuit" (A).

FAST and West Film Society. "Partie de Campagne"; "Song of Ceylon," Sat., March 31, 3.30 p.m. Mems. 3s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at the Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. From April 2: Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A). From April 16: Rainu in "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (A).

FIRST Film from New China! "Daughters of China" (1st prize Int. Film Fest. 1950). Scala Theatre, W.1, Tues., April 17, 7 p.m. Chinese Delegation will speak. Book now! Res.: 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Assn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. Please enc. stpd. add. env.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, April 1, 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Gibbs String Quartet, Haydn E fl., Op. 9, Beethoven B fl., Op. 18; Bloch No. 1. Admission 1s.

BBC. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall. Wed., April 4, at 7.30. Mass in C minor (Mozart). Soloists: Dorothy Bond, Elsie Suddaby, Richard Lewis, Trevor Anthony. The B.B.C. Choral Society. Symphony No. 41 in C (Jupiter) (Mozart). Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual agents.

LONDON Mozart Players. Cond., Harry Blech (Haydn-Mozart Society). Chelsea Town Hall, Thurs. next, at 7.30. Haydn-Mozart prog. Soloist: Denis Matthews. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 44 Portman St., W.1. Violin Recital by John Glickman. At the piano, Arvon Davies. (Bach, Bloch, Benjamin Frankel, etc.). Sunday, April 1 at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 126th Studio Recital at Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30, on Tues., Apr. 3. Chairman: Arnold Goldsbrough. 1st Speaker: Robert Gill.

WM.A. present Kyla Greenbaum—piano, Richard Adeney—flute, Peter Graeme—oboe: works by Schubert, Bach, Lasry, Feldman, Bartok, James Iliff (1st perf.). March 31 at 7: Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1. Adm. 2s. 6d

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., March 31, Dance. Social from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Ted Macs Band. Adm. inc. refrs. members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Licensed Bar for members.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimile of Van Gogh's "La Moisson en Provence" just published, £4 12s. 11d. inc. purchase tax, from 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1, or all good print shops in U.K.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. 10-5. 1s.

EXHIBITION of Paintings by Henry Hart, Ann Coghill, Jack Low. Opening date: April 7 to 27. Hrs.: 11-6. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Orthon Friesz 1879-1949 Memorial Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by William Gear. Starting April 3.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12s. 6d., including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1gn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Hugo & Victor Brauner. Until April 7.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. English Watercolours. Goodwin & others. Until April 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Fauve Painting in France & Abroad. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SCULPTURE by Giovanni Pisano, an exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till March 31. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WARSAW: Poland Rebuilds Her Capital. Exhibition at RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1, daily incl. Sats. 10-5 from March 21 to April 12. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"CIVIL Liberty and the State Service" Conference organised by Civil Service Branch, National Council for Civil Liberties on Wednesday, April 4, at 7.0 p.m., in Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Speakers will include Miss Monica Whately, Mr. E. C. Redhead, J.P. Delegates' Credentials and Visitors' tickets (1s. each) obtainable at door.

BRAINS Trust. Robert Boothby, M.P., Richard Crossman, M.P., Bernard Lewis, Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S., Philip Toynbee; question master, Norman Bentwich, Professor of International Relations. Subject: "Israel and the Middle East." On April 16, at 8.15 p.m., at Caxton Hall. Tickets: 2s. 6d., obtainable Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. Exhibition: Paintings from Haiti. April 5, Dances of Australasia, lecture demonstration by Beth Dean. April 6, Oriental Music, record recital arr. G. S. Bedbrook. April 7, "At Home." New members welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 31 at 6 p.m., Monsieur Fernand Calvet: "Le Quartier Latin." April 7 at 6 p.m., Señor Juan P. Fabregas: "Descnvolvimiento economico-social en la America Latina: (3) Cuba, Haiti, Dominicana, Panama y Venezuela."

GOLD Coast Elections: A. Ademola, Chr.; Richie Calder, April 2, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Lunch 12.30. Meeting 1 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1. ABB. 3770.

EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace. A meeting of ex-Service men and their families has been called at Anson Hall, Chichele Rd., Cricklewood, Mon., Apr. 2, at 8.

WALTON & Weybridge folk wishing to stop drift to war are invited to a meeting April 4, 7.45 p.m., Builders Arms, Walton. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Tues. April 3, at 8 p.m. "Should They Re-Arm?" Rev. A. D. Belden on Germany. Mrs. Jessie Street on Japan. Adm. 6d. Org. by Hampstead Peace Council.

REVOLT in Asia. Socialist Fellowship Public Meeting. Spkr.: Colvin Da Silva, M.P., Socialist opposition Ceylon Parliament. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Vic. Sunday, April 1, at 7.30 p.m. Collection.

"SHALL we arm the Germans?" Meeting org. by North London Peace Councils. Finsbury Town Hall, E.C.1, April 1, 7.30. Gordon Schaffer, Annie Lansbury, W. J. Effery, J. Platts Mills, Rev. J. Boggis. 6d.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assocn., Sun., April 1, Lecture on "Contemporary Literature in Rumania," at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, at 7.30. Refreshments. Adm. 1s.

ALL Nations Social Club Ltd. George Padmore (author "Africa—Britain's Third Empire") on "Nationalism in West Africa." Th., April 5, 8 p.m. Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. (Back Cumberland Hotel). Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

DR. Eustace Chesser: "Introduction to Psychology." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6 (off Abbey Rd., Buses 28, 31, 159). Sat., April 7, at 2.45 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "A Mediocre Utopia." Lecture by Keith Sinclair, M.A., Wednesday, April 4, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. April 1, Dr. J. A. C. Brown, M.B., Ch.B., "Social Engineering." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

DR. H. J. J. Winter will speak on "Science in the Ancient East," April 6, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., April 4, 6.30. "Why Buddhism Appeals to Me." Mr. A. H. Glenny.

LUDWIG Metzger Staatsminister In Hessen "Kulturpolitik in Westdeutschland." Thurs., Apr. 5, 7.30. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., Ass. German Socialdemocrats.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1, Miss Margery Fry on "The Essential Amateur," 6 p.m. Tuesday, April 3. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. April 5: "The Vedanta Philosophy."

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Ethical Movement in Perspective." At the Ethical Church, 4 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, April 1 at 11 a.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Western Saints & Eastern Teaching, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays 1 p.m. Apr. 3: St. Augustine.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WILLESDEN Arts Council Film Society. First Meeting, Willesden School of Art, Denzil Rd., N.W.10, Wed., April 11, 7.15. Details: Dodd, 41 Mowbray Rd., N.W.6. Wil. 4103.

NEW Era Film Club. Members' Meeting at the Caxton Hall, Friday, April 6, 7.30 p.m. Short Film, Speaker and Discussion of Club activities; all welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Fship. League, 20 Pont. St., S.W.1. Tu., Apr. 3, 7.45 p.m. Lecture on Slovakia by Stephen Murray-Smith, B.A., just back from Czechoslovakia. Chair.: Clifford Giles. Adm. free. All welc.

PERSONALIST Group. Alex Bloom on "The Child and School." Monday, April 2, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Apr. 1: Psychology True and False.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"Economic Reform 1951": Weekend Conference, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Ap. 20-23. Speakers: Gladys Bing, Edr. Holloway, Jorian Jenks, Norman Smith, M.P., Prof. Fredk. Soddy, Anthony Vickers, Sir Chas. Morgan Webb. Open Forum. Apply Sec., Economic Reform Club, 57 Dean St., W.1.

PENDLEY Centre of Adult Education. Singers and orchestral players are invited to musical week-end at Whitsun, May 11 to 15, for performance of "The Seasons" (Haydn) and "Phaudrig Crahoore" (Stanford). Residence in Pendley Manor, Tring. Herts, delightful surroundings and all inclusive terms, 3gns. Apply to the Secretary.

LEISURE Time Courses in Art of Writing, Art, Music, Drama. A New Approach to the Bible, Moral Philosophy, Languages, Child Study, Child Development, Folk Dancing, Canteen, Common Room and Library at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUS. 1816). Summer Term starts Mon., April 2. Syllabus on Appl.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute is offering in September a one-year course for experienced serving teachers of children under twelve years of age and for lecturers on primary education in training colleges, leading to the Institute's Diploma in the Education of Young Children. The course is recognised by the Ministry for grants. Further information may be obtained from The Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Telephone Trafalgar 6415.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Otz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge 14 days, £14gns.; 21 days, £18gns.; covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School for Professional and Non-Professional Students Summer Term April 10. Morning-Evening-Week-end Classes for beginners and advanced students. Segal method proves that everyone can learn to paint. The school can be joined any time. Summer Painting Course in Collioure (South France). August 1-21. Teachers' Training Course in Segal method starts September 17. Autumn term beginning September 18. Applications should be made as soon as possible, limited number. Partics.: Sec., 1 Englands Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 2686.

PORTUGUESE—Evening Classes for Students at all stages, April 18-June 22. Details from: Portuguese Language Committee, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

SPANISH—Evening Classes for Students at all stages. April 16-June 19. Details from: Educational Director, Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Latin in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

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INTENSIVE Secretarial Training. Evening classes Gregg shorthand and typing. New course, April 9. Mrs. King, 115, Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 5855.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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INTERMEDIATE and Final Degree examinations of London University in Arts & Econs., Science for 1st M.B. Details: Senior Tutor, St. Christopher's University College, 8 Gloucester Ave., Regent's Park, N.W.1.

TOUCH-typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons. Chelsea. Miss Sutton. FLA. 1493.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre teaches the conscious elimination of faulty postural habits and over-tension by a method of proved value in many states of physical ill-health and psychological disorder. Doctors' and teachers' enquiries specially welcome. 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. Tel.: Park 7222.

DENMARK. College Physical Education. Frederisberg. Vacation Courses for men and women, August, 1951. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming, etc. One-year course for men. Write Principal.

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. Spring term opening April 2 in new, well equ. studio, Regent's Park. Classes for Prof. amateurs, children (starting age 4). Enq Secy., 27 Oval Rd., N.W.1. WEL. 6752.

HOVEL Theatre Studio (Director Neyss Grahame). Training for Stage and Screen, Stanislavsky Method. Private lessons, Evening Classes. 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11 (SLO. 1040; BAY. 2093).

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER School, Bryanston. Aug. 11-Sept. 1. Festival—Holiday—Teaching. Elisabeth Schumann, Gonzalo Sorsino, Denis Matthews, William Glock, Earl of Harewood, Amadeus Quartet, Kalmar Orchestra (Cond., Roger Desormiere). Send stamp for prospectus to 29 Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

ISRAEL: The World Zionist Organisation Youth Dept. invites applications for (a) the Third Israel Summer Institute (in association with the Hebrew University), July 12-August 24. Programme: 3 weeks in Jerusalem with lecture discussions, excursions, social events, etc., 10-day comprehensive tour and 12 days in agricultural settlements. (b) the Annual Work and Study camps July-August, 1 week tour, 1 week discussion seminars, 3 weeks in agricultural settlements. Travel by air or sea. Apply in writing only to J.E.T.O., 8 Mitre Street, E.C.2.

SUMMER Holiday School in Ilfracombe. Spend your holiday profitably at the British Soviet Friendship Society's school from Aug. 18 to Sept. 1. Expert tutors, lovely country & sea. £4 17s. 6d. wk. Details: B.S.F.S. (N), 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4161).

INNSBRUCK University International Summer School at Mayrhofen in the Tyrol. Magnificent scenery, swimming, tennis, climbing and local tours. Dancing, concerts and good company. Inclusive cost 21 days, London to London 32gns. Apply to Innsbruck University Summer Courses, 143, New Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 0942.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

POETRY Broadsheets. Half-yearly subscription 1s. 6d. for 6 issues of new poetry. 81 High St., Chesterton, Cambridge.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune etc. by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

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CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57, Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everyman's, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday (WES. 4014.)

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Set "Horizon," 1-94 (2 missing, offers?; Lady's Bicycle, light, 3-speed gear, hardly used, £10; Goblin Vacuum Cleaner, only used twice, £10; Tenor Recorder, new, £5; R.A.F. Officer's Uniform, as new, tunic 38-9in., trousers, W.34in., L.31in.; Cambridge M.A. Gown, offers?; Typewriter, standard 4-bank, £20.

WANTED: Russian Language phone: Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first words, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 378 and 379

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